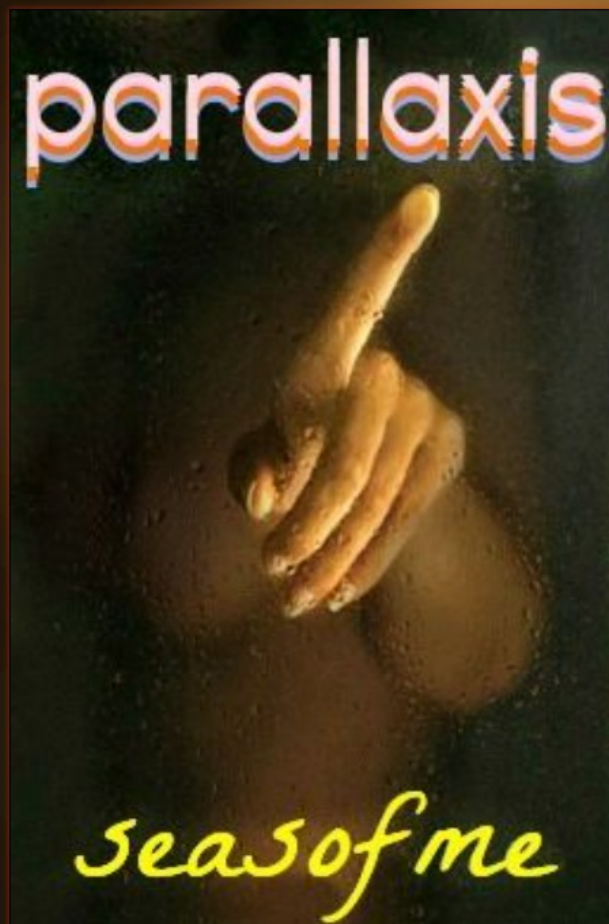


parallaxis

ladybug

In Progress



parallaxis

ladybug

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Summary

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Description:

parallax /'pærə,læks/ noun 1. an apparent change in the position of an object resulting from a change in position of the observer 2. an apparent shift in the position of an object, such as a star, caused by a change in the observer's position that provides a new line of sight. the parallax of nearby stars caused by observing them from opposite points in earth's orbit around the sun is used in estimating the stars' distance from earth through triangulation. very few art works in this book belong to me.

1. one moment you're sitting on a tree, and the next you're not

in the end you come together while i wait for something
true to scar(e) me

i stick this ostrichhead in the sand so that i cannot be
seen but the stones become my eyes and i have to look it
pools in mercury merciless mundane miraculous you dare
not dive rather skim the scum jam-like skim the scum for
clearer pools i am not yet there i come later you skim still i
am helpless and useless to you but you forge and flail and
move from point a to point blank i sleep unmoved my
trajectory awry though my blinkers keep me tunnelled in
your sleep you do not see the dreams that drop the deluge
you fly through the treacle i push i pull i probe, my
shackles fluff and steel you cloud the sky (ain't no
sunshine) solid suffering, me in here you out there

i cannot read your thoughts this time but then they filter
through in purest silver and welcome me back

seasofme190917

2. nights

bare the yellow light
in me draw it along
on smooth and creamy wheels
lift it lift it to my eyes so i can feel the flame on these lips
breath broken heart heaving
blood leaves on its own be not afraid
blood wings of ivory flee also
cajoling
calling promises to lead the way
you cannot stay the feel of quiet and the touch of silence
(the spirit of death has left the building with elvis)
i am contained all and everything in one place
the pallor of japanese gardens live in me
a watercolour of eggshell mist an etching of bone
a sculpture of blood welcomes me
seasofme100917

3. dillyhairsillyhair

my hair-flair so dill

from the mirror such pure thrill

hair so fair so dill

seasofme020817

there is nothing quite like dilly hair, is there?

4. flat

nothing moves
the bird is frozen
this building empty
this table clear
dust is still
there but dead
quiet like an old lollipop
without the taste just
a trace of a
hint of pink

seasofme250717

5. summer, noon (#summerhaiku)

warm summer roads twine

by droughty makalanis

and twirled sun-bleached sifts

seasofme230617

a makalani is a specific type of palm tree. i am very partial to palms, actually.

6. beyond

mirror vacant step backward stair look in from the
out

seems there's no one there floorless ceiling looking
for a foe

black triangle shields crouch behind shards not too
many words

being slow jagged stone's throw into the pestilential
flow

sudden move makes blood saved this time by the flood
only now

pluck white streamers flimsy relief reload rusty
sprangle on the road

such black coping unfamiliar rope black
kaleidoscope of hope

seasofme200617

7. clown down and the little brown bird

i watch it move
my delight the sway
away from there
i can only stare
a dream not compared
in the darkness
winter is a hint
an unclear promise
of cool delight the
sky in cloud loud
cackler of birds they
banter and swoop
miniature mohawks
and cocky grey
crowns but i am the
clown standing in
the doorway how
can i frown when the
rain now pours down

taste the little bit brown bitter
it slides both ways around

seasofme100617

8. two years (highway talks iv)

i wish i thought you were watching our catastrophes from up high where heaven is, but i don't. i wish i could tell them you are watching out for us little people with our sore minds and sore hearts and sore little wishes, but i don't want to say that. (your sister cries in the bath where there is lots of water, and she holds her face — i honestly do not think you see that) i wish i could get to you on a morning bright, in winter, early, when the first frost spikes the thorns and the rays of the sun melt it and the drops just hang there, diamond clear. that i may find you sitting, black hair blazing on your shoulders, angel mane covering your name, so i do not see it behind you, carved. i do not want to see it, for once. a beautiful boy with beautiful lips, sitting among the succulents, collecting leaves, collecting earthworms, collecting books; your mother collecting the dimples in your cheeks as they drop with every smile at her. you, watching us, loving our smiles at you. listening directly, looking obliquely. in that way of yours. coy and sweet. in your bitchy wisdom, tell us what we need to hear and what we do not need to hear. if the hollows of our hearts hold you now, more than at any other time, how huge you are. how much of you. too much for me only. but in this place and space we are many, cupping bits of you. is there any part of your living that is not held, loved, remembered, tasted again and again? relived again and again? if our thoughts could make you whole, how it would, how it would! you would laugh at this writing and tell me, make up your mind, woman, what is it with you, am i in heaven or in nowhere? and we would laugh about that. we would laugh and be pretty and behave like we are the

queens of the earth. and of course we are. we know, we know that!

seasofme060617

9. (s)word

like a double edged

unintended gift one for

you and one for me

seasofme050617

10. angelscream

why does the angel whisper
i cannot even hear

why does he not speak up
his talk is so unclear

seasofme030617parallaxis

11. for the love of

autumn kisses me on the lips

once

twice

three times —

i wait for the crow of the cock

...but nothing.

seasofme060417

12. trench

should i put my trust on paper thin slices of prayer
slices of people paprika same

green as your eyes open in worship open like my
mind open like the wound i etched

out of flesh small rose of woe pale petals slit
tears from thin slices of water from

the last drowning in obscure and faded sunsets
drifting sounding sad songs that won't

fade sometimes i just float just float and sit up
when the familiar passes by then

dive deeply into that trench of darkness where safety
lurks cool welcome happy trench

seasofme130317

13. blah

careless voice turns up so much blah
bleh meh what is it you say these days
can the din be thinner, more vague, less
dense at the expense of the meek, the
weak and all that? so much blah bleh
meh. baa baa black sheep, have you
anything to say i have not heard, any
single thing at all? about your wool,
about you, about me, suddenly? as if.

seasofme010317

14. stalk as in flower

you are daisy-dry, orange washed, maybe bright beige
you are dry sand, dry riverbed like the memory of
long ago water, gurgling through the wastes of far
away inviting grasshoppers thirsty doves scorpions
your fearless dust for its corroding of ones you love —
chipped away at us the keenest axe no pain, more
than a match, more than the twigs, more than that
you are beaufort west sky, daisy-dry, tears cried. cried

seasofme270217

15. observation upon

do not fear me for i am not just any lordess, no. is it
(fear) for my angel qualities or my devil-dos? perhaps
the powers i have to make my suggestions for education
sound more like the (suggestions) sins they will be?
or maybe i could free you while i take you by the hand
and lead you into temptation the way a child to cake
would go(temptation). move over sunday, bring me
wednesday's woeful born, to impression this time and
i might forget about you (person). now forget me or i
shall sense your tingling and induce at least some
sins; i will avert my light from your mind(sins) if i can,
you know how little your silence means to me (silence)
i see you and i hear a soft and persuasive hissing in
volumed whispers, a hint, like a delicious avalanche

seasofme160217

16. secretly

whose many voices sound metallic
a clicking of hollowed, damp carvings —
beads are a track for wheels of plastic
the ones that crisscross empty brain—
plains or along mannish arms, taupe
taffy of thoughts sounding whack
they are important to whom again
maybe to me to me to me to me to
never hear some white noise though
that is what makes my best dreams
and those cheesy wiles all this while

seasofme150217

17. my first time

why is it hard to see the slap for the kiss it is said to be, cheek turned and all that...

the first time was the only time you (you) could ever ignore it, like you (you) did at the time. i waited for you (you) to say something afterward, but nothing. never could you (you) do that again. because it might have been something else then. (except it never was) the next day i could not stop looking at you (you) but i feared to, too. i wondered did you (you) think i was someone else? did you (you) have total amnesia? what could bring you (you) to do this? i tried to work through the possibilities. i had to find a good reason. there had to be one or i would have to go. i didn't want to go. i look at what i write now with distaste. not me. it was different with me. it had to be. or why? i want to delete this. but i should not. i should leave it and post it. but it's hard. when it was mentioned you (you) got mad. again. because how could i do this to you(you)? how could i place you (you) slap (oh god) bang in the middle of this bitter bile? how could i do it? wasn't it me who made it happen in the first place? so how could i still rub your(your) face in my blood?

18. from up here

you're waiting for words from me. but a jazzed
cat got my tongue. i consider and park them over
there and more cleanly ahead and away. your
eyes grow larger with prospect, a vacant weight.
it is in the recess that my elegance comes through,
the silence magnetic, in a way words cannot be.
my face feels your direction, awareness is of the
whiteness of wisdom in an even whiter cloud
from which i receive, retrieve. i taste it like the
communion it is. you gulp it down. i do not envy
you. and not your haste, which is piercing and hot.

seasofme070217

19. cat the fat moon

moon so white cat fat moon is
white to be blue white moon
sight of truth in a world of sky
in a universe of bright-bright light
big fat cat weighs a moon ton
hardly held up there sky high
hanging heavy ivory-pumpkin
cat those egg-shell eyes no good—
byes off-white pelt in dark-warm
supply supple cat thighs less subtle
goodbye sigh fat cat moon creamy
tongue rich lick spice stick quick—
quick softly-paws friendly jaws
moon-face cry moon-lullaby electric
blue sky hey fat cat moon-face
clue love so true tummy soft in
siam-blue acer-white high moth—
kite hang up there cat hang down
at night a heavy sight right cat—
moon your deeply coat burr-less

you considerable cat the fat moon
seasofme250117

20. ocean came home

i thought
my nose
knew
ocean
had moved
to town —
finds that
piece of my face
it spits with cold —
winds squall
in salt tangs that
pinch pieces of me
i hang out of the
window
at work
watch ocean
race
the tarmac down
to the veggie shop
surfing with oysters

anemones and
 rock pools that pull at
 my feet
 with cold —
 ocean comes
 flying ocean wants
 me back me back me back
 me backme backme back
 meback meback meback
 meback
 meback
 meback
 me back
 my cheeks are
 sea-apples
 busy flood bursts
 through glass and wood
 in my mouth
 in my head
 in my ears
 i gasp i choke
 i swallow surprised
 my thoughts

make me

like the water in my eyes

seasofme230117parallaxis

21. taste the metal electric, bismarck

i omitted you from memory. my holidays were altered without your blue beret and epaulets; i see now you wear gloves to hide your treacherous fingers, the ones that touch the betrayer softly on the cheek, the ones that pass around the holy cup to your foe. i know you think i do not catch that but i do and in my heart i applaud your willingness to dabble in the sunlight of a marksman's heart, that bright place of the assassin. they all have a sunspot in the dark despite their solemnity and politesse, and so, no inkling of your artfulness, fortunately. for i cannot mourn now. i am too young for sorrow and the pearls that are my eyes are still lucent. i need to see into your future, so that i will know mine. and i need to see my dreams. the ones that shepherd me into that light. do i frighten you, bismarck, you and your perpetually loyal heart? i remove the devil from your mouth but it's claws are impossible, they slather your lips with red. i suck at my breath and fingers, the blood from under my nails.

i need a clean finger to point with, to indicate to you.

seasofme170117

22. caesura

they call dusk by something else. goodbye-time, i think.
now it is nearly goodbye time here though your sun is
reluctant to go, picking up on your dejection, your hush
(or was that also just my dream from way back in time)
crowns made me sad today, they belong to stranger-kings
that i will never know, who rule over trees where the sun
never

sets through a bleak branch and where a thought waits a
while within an afternoon and stranger queens, hair sad
and

minus their kings, go to bleed. thoughts, rulers,
branches, blood.

of course, when birds cry with sweet voices that they
want

to go, you let them go. just like that. when they don't
return,

you are always happy. as if their flight was indeed you,
going.

23. shook

(at once our insides are elucidated)
like the hell is decoded as the crow flies
from the early-morning rainbow's
shadow and that pot of gold, keep
your gold, keep your head up keep
your spirits afloat through a tube,
four tubes. hang in there for me but
don't hang in there. not for me.
hang the fear up on the pain and
feed the hopehopehope in in in while
you are outoutout of it, in of it, out of it, out out
distance the distance till it is a close-up
behind your eyes where only you know the way
keep it straight as crows fly collecting flesh
through silver to hang in there, don't hang
in there. not for me. but do not be frightened.
for me for me. pass go and fear not, do
not hesitate, let go of let go. and stay.
do not be frightened, will u know how
(a life of practice must surely make perfect)

seasofme130117

24. jest

ocean is flush ocean is soundless
water is mute water is dry
horizon resting sun not shining
the shark waits in the dusk

tide is plodding the tide is torpid
swells are concrete swells are deep
over my head see over my head
the shark lingers one-act playing

sky hangs there sky pleads here
navy paint d(r)ied blue blood treacle
ladders sunk to lost-ness clear
the shark waited and then ate it

wade not in and want not now
unseen anchors hold my feet
invisible shackles tickle my ankles
feathery fetters lullaby my bones

seasofme080117

25. two scenes

what are you doing in my neck of the woods?
(i stand, my arms so full of everything)
counting leaves, watering trees? i ask because
(i cannot wave, so i call and shout, not sure)
i saw you go by in circles again and again, but you
(i worry you'll get run over but my hands are so full)
know those motions as i never will. i will not
(the way your eyes light up make me feel guilty)
follow. it is watered and counted where i come
(we kiss because i carry, i carry. i am not my)
from. push at the wooden gate. go out. just try.
(dead mother. you care about shade, i about a taxi)
my hands are just too busy right now

seasofme311216

26. these

only a few. the holy number.
my peace is in the sky, it looks down
on noon day shadow, no rain and my head.
then i sit up straight, touched by air —
i wouldn't dare complain
because i fly or swim

this day is even in my eyes, horizon
plumply swelled, world axis solidly aslope,
i, still unflappable, right side up for now, fire-eating
the sun, the dangling bronze

feel my merit
feel my free —
joseph borrow my wings
mary loan my fins

seasofme261216

27. in the spirit of fruit cake

let me see what i can conjure while you call
around to find out about the cake of december —
it cost all our money but it is really heavy
(though there ain't any for my brother)
the fruity nuts sip cognac
suffused into crystal cherries and drenched
in a brown bed of
off-sweet
happy bitter
bluesy alcohol
that makes us rejoice and laugh
too loudly (you know, that cake brings me joy)
it opens my eye like a canal for the birth
and i can watch the shepherds watch their flocks
watch the star of david behind my back while
i cry and they drool

so.

could you please deliver us

from this fruit cake. and
aleppo,
from us?

seasofme191216

28. still, life

the still life draws you out i see
steps echoing in sand, no less
we share the horizon when the sun sets
and paint in charcoal, watery shadows
ever-night dawns its light there, together
in the eaves of peace; we gather our
dreams and leave no trace of them
except where seamlessly we kneel
to serve ourselves in the dusky light
of remembrances, squared, plucked raw

still life becomes you

it never becomes me

seasofme171216

29. my window tree

i have a tree that bears my windows
my windows bear birds, my doors bear words
the birds bear notes of chocolate white that melt in
sunshine to drip in my ears
light bright lozenges of sweetened air
words bear breezes through the frames
that stroke the fingers on my hand nothing
bland shall come of this
the tree bearing windows and birds and words

seasofme131216

30. white iris

white rose bud grows in open eye
in the other rests a lullaby; sets
my heart on pale blue fire, beats with wings
such dark desire that since came to wolf on
mildewed petals, the creamy odour off
of blindly settled thoughts
in thorns

seasofme111216

31. ocean chronicle

red soaked watermelon sun -we three divine sit content
and un-holy
on sand on towel on chair

happiness happens —

we walk on water

we hold hands

i traipse off, absorb the flamey blue
you two are specks echoed in iris
distinct from this distance
all of our hearts' peace paced —
silver water shimmers through salty sun
board dangles midair (did i tie it to your wrist)
a cold sea runs down your faces
in mouthwatering streams lashes stick
in trickles of salt, red lips blue lick —
and your feet shod in sand

when we get home you will vacuum the car

seasofme021216

(this is a reworked version of an older poem from my holly collection for a contribution to tamoja's article, 'memories make us' in the wattmag issue #6 — i reworked it even a bit more here)

32. oven of words

just an oven of words, and burning butterflies,
circling acts of angels walking, they all carry lies,
their flutter in flames, now they sound so lame, yet
i am fed all the same, by the burning signs that
heave a hiroshima purl, to ash me over
after all, i never listen, because i know the drill,
nebuchadnezzar's thrill is in the heat they haul,
and the speak they shake. i feed on that oven of
wooded words that turn men into worms and in the
charring, spew from my tongue through chrysalis-burn
take my servility with you in these deranged games,
you can call me names while i stand up straight.
look into my eye, let my steadiness be a rock if you can
try taking mine from me and you shall see the wind in
the heat fans the blaze of your weakness, oh fiery one
seasofme231116parallaxis

33. dry geography

the regions are dust here behind the eyes
the bone sunwhitened and porous now
the blood black and thin and clinging like a child
whose arms want more
bone-chips stick out into shaky skin
like so much thorn-of-the-camel tree
i travel on knees in a day
they softly rest on scalds of dune noshade noshade
the shadow of the animal passes over
under the fire on high
over seared and shriveled thoughts sucking
me dryer notnow notnow
an alluvial flow of thoughts borne
from me to you
seasofme161116parallaxis

34. the art of swimming away

days that count this calendar

divide equally into sushi and
samurai sword, cherry blossom
and goldfish
metal panels cut me in half my head wins
and i return legless and bold and build
a pond for the fish, swim like i am weightless
(which i am, i have no legs)
but this heart is a mass
and sinks to the floor where the fish dump their gold
and i turn to so much paper —
blot up the tears of

days that count this calendar

seasofme141116

35. puddle

puddled, in my way,
sky in eye washed in
brown
shone right down
before
my feet cold road rises
smacks my nose it's
hard to pose
my
toes tip coolly
jump in
face
the right place
to
breathe

seasofme081116

36. yellow, the glow of miracles

sun slips through fingers'
tips, my eyes catch glimpses of the
yellow, like half-moons, but
being full suns gliding
through wrists moving in
full twists,
keyboard-catch they are,
more than hints of yellow jazzing in
eye-blips; i keep thinking the sun
shines there and that roses grow
from my fingers in yellows —
they are so quiet
so they play only between the keys
and some triangle, occasional cymbals slice
hands catch my eye
i think they are sun—
shines every single time
and i sheen a bit deeper
every time —
and then equilibrium catches

up with grateful —
every time
seasofme061116parallaxis

37. do you believe all that smoke-talk, bismarck?

he does the smoke-talk well. that one-in-thousands well.
never knew one could, but of course, one should
be able to do just that with a stranger-person, one with
a stranger-mouth. i think i see a wish come true before
my

very eyes, one i did not foresee, but a blessing seems to
drop

from his tongue (and bathed in jaegermeister, i'm sure,
oh divine taste it brings from kings, that angel juice,
the type that stings) i cannot help, i drown, my feet
are upside down while fate moves on oil, i said, and liked
it so, even though

it boils down to this little lesson, bismarck:

stomach acid and grease of hair —

lesson one. take lemon juice. it decreases stomach acid.

lesson two. do not try to fix a greasy hair problem with
lemon; it will only produce more grease if lemon reduces
natural oil

(see the resemblance in remedies? not?)

okay. lemon juice does not help for lack of
understanding.

so drink lots of it, it will not reduce more. but helps with grease and acid.

for now (today) i understand the world in a grain of sand

it has to do with how we have everything

and nothing (lemon juice despite, stomach acid has a right)

how everything is nothing and nothing turns into everything

and why we should stop sniveling because we are felt done in

and just hold fast to our nothing. because it is everything we have and everything we need. our nothing will never be too small for our large lives. because our lives are huge. one life bigger than the next. fuller. of nothing. devoid of everything. and we are it.

and so we have it all, bismarck

we sure have it all, can you see?

seasofme031116

38. a really terrible poem, but what else to do (or: i take myself seriously so)

no explaining that up there
(not the song)
it might as well sit in a tree
(here i see a koala, everytime)
this joy that day brings me
(unlike christmas)
it is oh so very hard to bear
(very much like christmas)
i think i don't deserve a smile
(who cares)
i ought to be depressed
(though i'd like to be special)
mostly then i get undressed
(omg)
as i crawl up on this pile
(naked, you understand)
pathetic is my name, i think
(like hell it is)

as i gather my sorry life
(hey, i love my life)
i only have no joie, much strife
(i sound too familiar)
i'm not even in the pink
(well)
woe is me in the dark
(what)
where did my happy go
(i secretly hoard)
i can wallow in the snow
(like a snow angel in pictures i've seen)
or miserablise in the park
(this was fun and then painful)
seasofme271016parallaxis

39. alicia

yesterday i had your life story in my head all day and i was thinking, no mustard coloured dress for you like mine in my dream. no. no. virgin white, virtual virgin, whole person, fragmented whites egg-shell ivory bone off-white cream all of how we lived each other's lives that time it is not about the sway of a railroad carriage where we sit and think and think and work through battle fields with the energy of cold, fresh milk, the energy of seven suns, the energy of thirteen fast moving deserts the sideways sweep of sand that could not bury who we were and we do not mind losing now. i guess at your energy the one in your soul because i know mine and recognise the sometimes tired glow. that i could take your hands in mine and hold them hard for just a while and pass my flow. this white river rafting still

seasofme251016

40. view from

the sand filled up by ocean
or with sky
or the sea is filled with sand
or with sky
two things the same
and different
at the same time all the
same
but not the same at all
ever
(sometimes i
i walk on my hands
and you cannot follow)
seasofme231016

41. fixation alley

slippers on fire, little acid fingers
and go nowhere near scorpion springs, el flacido; like
something sad and soft, there stirs a pathetic and petite
prick

locked in safety in one number, prophetically dislodged,
slipped loose

and sunk low, through the noose.

sail away to rise moon-high on tip toe and all afire

slippers on fire, little acid fingers

she is your fix she is your nightmare she is all you want
(to be)

she is she is, this she sees through the loops of your own
eyes

trying not to look her way, trying not to stare for today

hush now, foreign piece, go to rest where it is best

for you

go now.

she is india ink, green to be black to

you, plaka brightly bland craven-a smooth, cracked thick
surface

deeply first, flaked in pans

that leave and follow words from the world —

she is nothing 'till they return, nourished and irrigated
by

fat water drops (infused synapses stretched to receive)

drought is the feed, little acid fingers,

the famine is the ear

the orifices fill up with signs and ciphers

slowly seep those fillings, leaking in though mostly it is a
feeling in the head

of deepest blotting, rare addiction

this fixation, slippers on fire, little acid fingers

paint on, paint on, paint on

seasofme181016parallaxis

42. mistook it for a fruit

i peeled a boat today —
thought it was papaya but the knife would not
slip as a prow through water flipped, i felt i was peeling
bubblegum instead already chewed, i was
confused the knife i used was so unfriendly
hot as steel too hot for me and no rain on my
papaya no rain at all. so i removed a thousand little
eyes (scrape spoon scrape) softly softly i missed
nor messed even one of those — that blind boat
like mild sweet fruit and then i hosed it icy cold,
fingers sliding up and down but knife so fickle
my papaya boat it did so float along the moat
i could see noah was looking hard, i did not care
i would eat my boat i peeled today,
and i would not share.

seasofme171016paralaxis

43. oh my darling serpentine

 speak to me in snake tongue, please;
 you understand it well.
 a first language of sorts
 and there are more on my tongue.
 i have a second tongue too. you choose them,
 i use them. they always fit the groove
 of what you seek. wet and cold on aural,
 warm language sweats moist and wormy words
 half-words. deformed, mostly yuk. sound of sin-speak
sweet

 speak to me in snakinged tongues
 suggesting skittish bites
 which make fevers rancid and
 so much less watchful-watchful in the
 old toothless way of tired and warmly worn replies

seasofme1409/071016parallaxis

44. tricky berry

this could be bery tricky for a tricky berry
and very icky, much too sticky for this bery
tricky tricky berry. mia-miaow moves in
magic motion, she buries berries winter
through when sticky ickies grow to
hickies, this is what she likes to do,
plucks that potion from her ocean, for
this is bery tricky for a tricky berry very
icky, much too sticky for this bery
tricky tricky berry, mia, wild berry, chicky-cherry

seasofme130916

45. hallelujah

where do the children play these days?
too many broad streets that lead to nothing
too few narrow lanes that spring buds. old
and serious are these avenues. we walk and
then we skip. eventually we just skip them
altogether. a hop, a skip, a jump. and a hallelujah.

seasofme090916

46. bismarck, meet the yummy bella bonne bouche

rummed cream, spooning-thick mixed to honey pricks
(unwrapped)

dolloped, thigh sweet, smooth as swallow and slip
(strawless)

evergold rumble on crumbled oats in coconut fold
(un-umbrellaed)

wafered wrought of chili-choc in perfect twists, palate's
search

(i-want-mores)

at last.

this has taken so long, but here it is now.

bismarck, meet bella. bella beautiful. bella bonne bouche
(my beautiful mouth-full mouth)

in your gaga-less mien you

do not serve the bane of the sapless here, but

dish grandly the simple and the worthy and
i am grateful for the opportunity to taste with care.

you are so fine, bismarck, so fine.
i recognise your swing, the sound of your laughter
echoing up your sleeve

like the apes that parrot shapes

seasofme060916

47. protea (suikerbossie)

earth smell of sweet leaves ply, pink as to be
white, impales my throat. soft of petals' waxy
warmth, teensy blooms in the back there
un-wind the down-wind, ribbon-wise and redo
the blue hour once more while sun sets in my
hair, deep into lids closed by floating warmth.
dusk untangles with twilight's orange glow
eyes challenge sunset to a copper horizon —
sky bleeds across the thorns, wettest red
and the four cousins nestle in my head as sun
downs while we wet our lips again and again,
their tang caught on the smack of our palates
and a dream and a buzz sets this blue table

seasofme020916

protea is both the botanical name and the english common name of a genus of south african flowering plants, sometimes also called **sugarbushes** (afrikaans: suikerbos). in local tradition, the protea flower represents change and hope.

48. tarzan-of-the-ocean

sometimes the boys in this here ocean turn into tarzan-of-the-trailer-trash.

it has a lot to do with heroes. or maybe the lack of. their good lookin' legs

walk faster, shorts shorter. hands are man hands. hair is good. belief in

hair is god. they know not that hair has it's own agenda and like a six pack

no one can see, has many a purpose. sometimes the boys in this ocean are

tired. looking good is hard work and a razor sure wreaks havoc and they

think, 'my teeth are white (though my breath is so much less) and actually

i do not care about breath, because, hey, this chest... and the hair on it..!

and who will see my breath? hey, who will see this hair and these man hands?'

seasofme310816

49. odette in the desert

odette can sing

or bitch.

odette has small gold hoops that
match her glinting teeth in shine

odette has a deep voice

a wide and slow river resounding from
her mouth her throat her hair

odette is wise and careful

she looks at us and her eyes think.

and know.

her curly sand-hair wears a ribbon,

i wish i could hear her voice once more

it was like an old fire from precious wood

i took too little notice of her then and i hope she can
forgive me

(it would break my heart if she remembered me too)

so i hope i am forgotten

if not, we can cry for what we did not know we lost
(but how will we know? how will we know?)
i know only that her voice will sound like a desert now

odette.

do u sing?

seasofme170816parallaxis

50. bony child

your body is my memory of slender
limbs i cannot quite place
but know intimately like i bathed you dressed you fed
you
like you wriggled in me to me with me
all the years i knew you like you were mine
but not mine
like you only ever laughed when i was near
as if fear would never find you for as long as you lived or
died with me
like you were eternally happy
like you only knew play
and never knew hunger or blood or ridicule
like all your scars were angel bruises
and your broken places slid shut all healed
seasofme120816parallaxis

51. even

in the shell of an ear quietude lies sleeping
in hollow of a throat rests the silvered joy
laughter lights on lids, waits there, balance
of the peace felt still. the silence of my heart —
a white bird waiting, watching. wordlessly lifts

seasofme090816

52. bismarck, look... the tropic of aquarius!

the tropic of aquarius runs through me, say i.
on fire, on fire, on fire. shadows disappear, smoked.
poof, poof! there they go, pokemon, there they go —
southern hemisphere, northern hemisphere?
pah, bismarck! what are hemispheres when it comes
to love, my dear? tell me. what are hemispheres
in the scheme of our tropics? all roads lead to.
all roads lead from. and the sun shines. and
the moon rules my blood like ocean water. what are
constellations compared to us? (nothing, my love)
we are all. we will remain. i remain in the tropic of
my many minds. and there i shine by night and day. in
heat and cold. tell me, bismarck, do i not have the
tropic of aquarius within me? do you see it too?
can you see that fiery road? the one that burns so?

the tropic of cancer is the circle marking the latitude
23.5 degrees north, where the sun is directly overhead at
noon on june 21, the beginning of summer in the northern

hemisphere. the tropic of capricorn is the circle marking the latitude 23.5 degrees south where the sun is directly overhead at noon on december 21, the beginning of winter in the northern hemisphere. when the lines were named 2000 years ago, the sun was in the constellation of capricorn during the winter solstice and cancer during the summer solstice (hence the names). now due to the precession of the equinoxes the sun is no longer in these constellations during these times, but the names remain.

the equator is the circle where the sun is directly overhead at noon on the equinoxes.

the arctic and antarctic circles are located at ± 66.5 degrees latitude. note that $66.5 + 23.5$ equals 90 degrees. This means that on december 21, when the sun is directly over the tropic of capricorn at noon, it will not be visible from the arctic circle. so above the arctic circle, there is a period during the winter when the sun remains below the horizon. the same is true of the antarctic circle during southern hemisphere winter. on june 21st, when the sun is directly over the tropic of cancer at noon, it is not visible from below the antarctic circle.

seasofme010816

53. weft

after bath i smell it best in my furthest room
fabric made of air and soap in corners wait in
big balloons of bubbles, weft of flavours whole

and

a blue fish flits freely through a bunch of blooms

seasofme270716

54. wonderbra, wunderbar!

guess the girl that's me needs to ship
my booty south while it's warm. i'll
pass japan, i'll pass borneo, pass zim.
no stops. i do not wish to meet the
boomerang from mars. or the k2. just
when the moon has started to beam,
just then i'll need to reset spaghetti
straps. my favourites, my darling strings

seasofme220716

55. stir

bloodboy,
stir the whisper of the sweet,
adore the tinge of the triangle
of dim sign of gone;
wake up, edgy antsy wired
a kvetchy, crabby fidget
a slow jump —
just to hold on, balloon boy

seasofme180716

56. pis aller

visiting-hours
'tween paradise
and hell,
never seemed
that good,
had never
gone so well

seasofme100716

not being fond of animal paintings, this one has intrigued me for years. what a master. i like it better than all the melting clocks in the world. he is so much more than that.

'50 abstract paintings which seen from two metres change into three lenins disguised as chinese and seen from six metres appear as the head of a royal tiger' — dali

57. about face

face feels dried out skin not dewed
about face but slowly don't notice
do not notice do not notice. when i
do, just take my word and wrap it around
your neck. pull tighter. tighter. garage
now without cars, the hanging place
is important. little dogs and crocheted
table cloths don't meld. or do, or do.
backpedal slowly so people don't
notice. about your face — it's dry, dry
your about-face diminishes in drama

seasofme060716

58. kyanos

on my way home today
for as long as it took
for the lights to change
the sun shone blue,
slanted by cloud.
breathless and bathed in berlin-colour,
i sat imagining;
it rocked. like you.
and then that light
twisted
into blinding bright.
surely you were there
somewhere
when the sun bounced blue
off the black of your hair

seasofme010716

59. to jozzi, your tangerine scooter, and you

orange flameys fan the tangerine juice, sightings of delectable

pink jozzi, the apricot coral lunges and plunges, that scooter, a

pink bob pie tinge flows by the go-go rows, went together is how

you are meant heaven sent (see them can!) sun days carried

by sweet wheels white pizza pie, saucy sky, orange sips through

hot lips and pink bob top, head, a titian mop while melon drips

tasty squash from icy paste no haste, chaste sun, water wheel,

mop bobs hop on tangerine fruiting with tangerine flow, more

jozzi now, the scoot, scooter, scootest and tangy tooter hootest,

eat that pizza, why, it's the sun in the sky on scooter scooting by!

seasofme300616

60. watershred

the wind shreds shards today, by so, so slow —
a seeping ice, near-mooned, now pale and
shroomed, glassy dark outside on stair, cold
steals into doors, unlocked and dryly open,
peals of light in pools of bright, crystal shine
in the eight a.m. wine, do i like that it is mine?
pour a shot into the java, i pray, turn my
red blood to lava all the way. i wish upon
a giant water drop to drown me in this dry
dock, this very waterless place right now

seasofme250616parallaxis

61. gospel of garlic

i will obey garlic when it speaks
i will sit up straight and listen
i will never doubt it and i shall
do everything it expects of me,
no questions asked. i will serve
garlic and garlic only, always.
i will be the model servant,
unchallenging and obedient.
i will be as strong for garlic
as garlic is strong for me
i will adore and i will unfailingly
worship the bossy garlic hence.
i want to listen, i want to serve.
i want to gladden and please.
garlic is my master, now and
for ever and ever and more.

seasofme230616

62. light the blue wine

i am violated by this day, ambushed since dawn. it
glimmered above my head then it settled on my
tongue, ice cube cold-enkindled, considerable as
some windsong of a beige and spicey sand:

beautyofgod-like,

beautyofgod-true,

beautyofgod-everything.

(god must be bewitching, i am convinced — and i
know either all or nothing right now) yet this day
carries the new blue spainward and back; moving air
is the green of white virgin rosebuds that freshly spill
onto my tongue their dewes, icy from a sky squeezer
in the shape of a fish; come! meet my eyes today to
see nine heavens sent; this is one bubble that
should burst and release the rest of the todays,
all teeming. good, poured and poured, sun-sashed,
heaven-blued sky wearing nothing but a bottom
of clear; pours the new blue wine, this wine into
a sunray bouquet. for me, just for me, today. for me.

seasofme220616parallaxis

63. actuated by fustian thoughts

the bruise on a peach and the heart of a shadow,
words plucked by cold chameleon missile tongue, sadden
me. i believe in neither gods nor monsters, but they
arrive

after all. those nights i rub lemon rind onto my feet,
the concentrate of the unbeliever. elixir of fresh death.
so i think, come, unwanted guest, used space,
chalked figure there, cloaked ghost in the corridor,
the one i sidestep to avoid, come, face me,
let your locust gangs move their mouth bits
like the cockroach and sample my bitter contusions,
the strange fruit on me. cogitate? no need,
nothing there to breed off. dead flowers' old sap will
lace my dreams with a thousand wishes for this life
but the devastation by bad vibrations will unseal
them all. they turn fluid, do not leave me soused,
but move forward and make the past move past faster,
go past, alone once more, out-paced by a monster god,
my tomorrow just challenged by heavy heathen thoughts

seasofme170616parallaxis

64. translate into lost

i'm hung up on all my old tissue,
body salts dissolve me. more than once
i purge on dirty words and tattered idioms
in from your cold, i tiptoe through a river too
shallow to float me and so i have to walk
on these stumps. it makes me not stronger, no,
but it sure gives you the slip, for good.
or bad. and a good laugh.

seasofme120616

65. saturday, bright (highway talks iii)

heavens pour blue by the watery pebbles, sunrising a
bright river

up high. yawning early, sounding clicks of the gathering
frosty trees, bossy

birds brightly gray, gently mill brittling in small hops, not
going farther,

chattily warm, newer spirits curious, linger under leaves,
bone thorns

poke our forms from bushes. we cluster more than loves,
speaking like

leaves, tears percolate from branches and breathing
holies up, though

wings flutter, sighing this early. onyx rocks you while
hopes written in stone

bless us, read under the sun. truly your mountain moved
but ants have

left for now when loving ones, missing ones, unlike
funeral goers, come

to stay, the cold intimate like chosen stones — blue sun
pours on steady

tranquil feet, no longer waiting, letting go, never letting
go, soldered

seasofme090616

66. gegenschein

comes to my mind the word of this cloudlit day —
gift me the backscatter of sunlight and dust,
the debris of a heart, split, ferries away the light.
or something. (listlessly watch the sun move by)
how dark is dark? how sweet is sugar? how gone is
away?
elephantine ghost follows me (famous idée fixe, i know)
i fear for the lingering arrival where nothing is traded
while every hour that passes is one with a larger glow
and blemish. i fear the return when bleached is still
my middle name, gegenschein my ever reward;
tell me, what will i do with it all?

seasofme060616parallaxis

67. oyster snapper

oyster

toy store

mouth-wise

slippery salt slack

sly tongue-fly fluke

spokes back to back

cloistered oyster

wok-hot spot

(cloud cuckoo land)

sand soy tolls toy

voice blistered

oyster

hoister

seasofme020616

68. watch

flaunt the forward;
infidel of flavours
'effluvium of excess'
shawn's style
this here style here
watch the lick and approach
no crouching, back straight
back gay
and no prickles

none at all

seasofme310516

69. mothed

blue devils make dazzle of the solitary
web where moths dream on dusted wings
and notes of sand play tunes of wind in minds
made up by shades of bland as desires
break through on those bloodied strands

seasofme280516

70. from little egypt

too much sand for a scorpion
too many stings for a bee
so this is how it feels
ring upon ring upon ring of me
do not mind the ghostly words
they cannot not travel far
you hold the sun in your hand
and birds kiss-kiss your star
the waves are on their way to you,
know, not of me instead
i don't know what that even means
but you burn inside my head

seasofme280516

71. the curry counts

tang trails tightly, sinus carried, left side hollows cheek
bones out,

real garlic, rested, roasted roughly; tomato tinned, tunes
bayleaf-bobbing;

broken best, blind faith to taste, the blended blaze that
stinging folds

then pushes burn to counter-tongue, masala moan turned
ginger jugs

seasofme240516

72. love me like that mahjong

they worshiped her

her thin arms throttling

her guitar. her voice

up in arms

in ours

drink drinking us

smoke

smoking us. we stepped

up and down mixing love in the round

bodies sounding in rooms and the music banging harder

life is a party and

drunk to work — the saturday weave —

in the avenues, our views straight

asking for no mercy,

so grotesque, even here

so drenched,

my little half moons

resting on the bottom of my glass

this morning

no ice

seasofme220516

73. oh joy

ruin seems a good thing if it comes from you
commonplace it is,
no special treatment,
just the way they like
dried jerky
drier prune
this ruin
and none too soon

seasofme170516

74. man night

he smells of earth's breath and still
dust and tar is the perfume he trails,
pushes into me by force by my desire
i take to his bed where he lies within
reach, my hands search, but it is my mind
that finds him, heat delicious but relentlessly
clinging, clinging away; he gives, he gives
never gives up searching, retreating,
waiting, watching, loving me more than
i want, more than i need, too much is
not enough; i wake every dawn in blue
and orange and long for him, despite;
sometimes he's a girl, lolitalike,
taking small steps to me, treading ever
lightly on toes painted in my gold thoughts

75. quietly get there

you quietly got there last time, before the church bells rang,

before the horn sounded for the ferry, before the light house gave way.

i would have met you halfway, but iguanas bound your feet

and i hid, watching. my envy as blue as their grey ridge thorns.

your step light and sure, you moved in full sentences, no verbs to

trip on, nothing doing to hamper. i saw the creases frame your

eyes, the breezes wrap you up with care. i moved forward with the

tide but jonah's whale got in my way, same as before, same as every

sunday i have to watch you be free all over again, free from me still

seasofme090516

76. thermal

see my goosebumps. it's freezing out
but your voice is melbus-the-jam
warming my bloods
like cinnamon fire
and knowing

seasofme050516

77. carry

within,
you carry carrie the bloodletter,
the blood better,
the fire-and-blood candle. the strength of angels the
chains
of god the whip of death.
but your sweet, silent mouth belies
the understanding you work hard to hide. and you do.

shhh...

tell no one, tell no one and nor shall i

seasofme040516

78. matzos in the sky

and my favourite is matzos in the sky —
makes me happy as much as that sun dapple did
the dapple on my floor by the washing machine
i tried to find its source
but it remains a mystery. watched it anyway.
dappled me happy that dapple of holiness
i dabble in alone-ness by choice sometimes
as sure as the sun that shines through this dry wind
its fresh breath frosty
on me
in me
my heart is new and my eyes are keen
and the day is my gift and the sun dapple is a visiting
card
i am glad for that air in my hair
and the matzos on my breath
early morning desert fresh the sky and
all hail to the beautifully boring
seasofme 280416

79. not important, most important

i think on how i can change this to say how precious we are to us and how common we are in the scheme of things how we should maybe get a life and live it not expect it to wait on you (or others too) but we just get on with it as best we can and love ourselves doing it; we are not important, what we do may be more so — may be. but maybe, only maybe i don't care for gods much nor they for me but we live and let live and respect goes a very long way and every single day the sun in me seems to brighten it can be work even when it drops a kiss on my head after this day has dawned and winter exhales once i love its icy face and lone winter breath comes home to rest on the palms on the tips clinging like crazy but losing the battle by ten a.m. this will be the way it goes for thirty days hanging in there longer and more silently and succumbing to sun until cold climbs from tip to trunk and down to brown ground walking haughtily, privately, coldly focused on meeting me halfway or me walking across to plant an early morning kiss first (i'm easy), sucking up to winter and not minding even the littlest bit

seasofme 290416

80. ...this deepest darkest light, bismarck.

bismarck, i looked up dark, but mine is none of that
instead it lights the way even during the day
the beacons beckon openly but quietly.
the sun is a sleepy wink on the black
horizon and the whales while time slowly. (you would
think
time is round, but it is not. time, like dark, is a flatline for
the living,
the breathing,
even the putrid flowers that gather under the feet of
observers,
hoping to catch the last of the light)
and light is a fickle thing.
it changes moods and moves in spheres of reality
to unbelievers.
a cello blue-beat.
this, bismarck,
makes me so happy

seasofme 240416

81. what i pick up in the ocean

a rosette it was, in the blue. and the sounds
of sea slop from the scuttle. blue,
i said. it was blue.
and your tongue was a
sheriff's , turned ninja's star. i know you
cannot eat for your frame has rusted,
weakened for love. stronger by lust. but the ship has
sailed;
your backstroke was never your best stroke, i should
know.
you have painted your words on my lids, i see through
them onto those runes
but they escape my glued look and drift off
through that silver trellis and morph into rosettes of
blue.
and the far off sounds of sea slop in the blue scuttle.

seasofme 210416parallaxis

82. ship

this old fashioned ship carries
me up and around on weekends,
seven islands keep me moored;
all lead to you on a monday
morning, my swells welcomed
by your easy groove, my way
compassed into your fabric
just so (just so)
the awareness in me, jurassic

seasofme 180416parallaxis

83. mind my toes on the cobble, bismarck

vibrancy like a hairball, stash kaput,
so wade into the water to the beat of the bronze,
bismarck,
recovery is irresistible. it is fair that sometimes you
risk your wrists for me,
forgive me that i am not grateful enough.
(try your throat) maybe we could meet halfway,
not in the sun or in the shadow,
but where twilight roams, in the lost;
maybe you could take my hand and walk me over stones
where dead trees decay. but hold me so that i do not
decompose to satisfy the earth's hunger.
hold onto me until i want to go.
thank you, bismarck,
you know how it is

seasofme 140416

84. look and see nought (or say that you do)

the threaded thoughts theory— so many gretel
crumbs tastelessly wasted on lost pathways
in the dusk. before they arrive they are off in
directions no maps have claimed: a mountain
here, an ocean there; my backyard speckled
with owls a-resting atop totems. no screeches
and silent eyes. the dead look and see more
than you with your wide awake pins that point

seasofme 120416

85. opened air

stilled leaves weave, bides for breath to move
through that second — fresh feel of the hairs on
my arms reminds of ants. moved moth body
that leaves miniature turns immobile, so soundless,
still as leaves that wait, invisible seed inhales
cold gold spores and shows the miracle up close
seasofme110416parallaxis

86. sins

(y)our sins intrigue me
i feel my sins and yours mating
making little sins that grow up
i think i could gather them in a healthy bunch
and wade into clear waters to rinse them, shake off
excess bad
and arrange them in my heart
fresh for tomorrow, all spruced up
for the gawk of the righteous

seasofme 080416

87. good

break of day turns my tongue sky blue
silvered rain washed night to light
honeyed sun drip dropping sticky stuck on the roof
i lick the day bottom to top
come here day, come here
i want to swallow all of you
whole
but slow

seasofme 060416

88. body snatcher

call me a body snatcher, i don't mind.
to take yours and put it on my back would
make me flower. i could carry it to
cape town for the weekend and put you
down on table mountain among the mists
where the stones are wrapped in vapours and moss
and the blue hangs below earth in sunshine ripples,
happy ships seem small, warm, slow.
my island drifts in the wispy distance,
an untroubled place of tax free smokes
and coffee comes in near-liters,
the black men walk free. i would show you
to my world and i would never take
you back to where i won't be, the next day,
and then we would start our travels.
do not forget
do not forget, my love, at all

89. bitter eye

all words swim in a sour cyst of testy —
screeches in a train of spears, alone and straight, wheels
are sinking,
the liquid of loneliness may yeast in those tracks
godforsaken empty sweetener
should be sweeter, could be sweeter
why so bitter,
sweet...?

seasofme 310316

90. algal bloom (not for you, bismarck)

who knows what red tide is —
that bait not fresh. it smells of that;
how an ever renewed ocean of water floats
your boat, is a mystery when your heart
looks of lead, sometimes they think it dead.
while theses are not nearly abstract or literal
enough for this game — something so clear,
represents some things oblique and opaque —
all rest fidgety, though. who is it that you write for?
tell them. they want to know and they understand
if you don't know. don't eat dead fish,
though it is rumoured they like the taste —
but rather let it absorb both ways,
an osmosis of realizations, through
non-presumption. it's not too late
for each to wisen up at this hour

91. locust-cathedral

watch you from afar when the suns sink away,
enter ocean —
sand in giant heaps in shadows, in suns
in shadows, in suns
shadows, suns
shadows, suns
then shadows, shadows as i walk by —
i feel your tiny speck stretch
until it fills my eyes,
see your frown
it is a curse in love.
meet your shape first,
it is all i can manage this time —
the sweetness of the locust,
that taste of honey chisels at cathedrals —
and your eyes baptise.
dunes in your pockets gathered from your walks
spill sunward.

exit sand.

seasofme300316parallaxis

92. salient

in which way the bulge goes more
convex for these words that make
the round and everything prepares
this day for more sunlight and egg. and it
just got even better. it just got even better.

seasofme180316

93. the focus of water

how can rain fall down so straight —
so heavy. like a trillion glass beads
from a trillion glassblowers' breaths
beads raining down in a curtain
of a trillion zillion beads of water —
without breaking
without shattering

a **rainstick** is a long, hollow tube partially filled with small pebbles or beans that has small pins or thorns arranged on its inside surface. when the stick is upended, the pebbles fall to the other end of the tube, making a sound reminiscent of rain falling. the rainstick is believed to have been invented by the aztecs and was played in the belief it could bring about rainstorms. it was also found on the peruvian coasts, though it is not certain if it was made by the incas. rainsticks are usually made from any of several species of cactus. the cacti, which are hollow, are dried in the sun. the spines are removed, then driven into the cactus like nails. pebbles or other small objects are placed inside the rainstick, and the ends are sealed. a sound like falling water is made when the rainstick has its direction changed to a vertical position. although it was thought to have been invented in mexico, many similar

instruments can also be found in southeast asia, australia and africa, where it is often made using bamboo rather than dried cactus.

seasofme160316

<https://youtu.be/M6s6NrH78Hs>

94. spirit

to set my

spirit

free

i would have to

capture

it

seasofme060316

95. please listen, bismarck

wake up, bismarck.

i need to speak.

i dreamed of a red, red car that toppled and turned and
rolled and toppled.

from a distance it seemed so small.

it rolled and rolled over hills and dales,

the sun kept shining. at last it came to rest

in the hospital corridor, quite still,

next to the pulpit. i smelled the essence

of my grandmother there,

her cool dim house with smells of fabrics of sun

and the snipclicksnipclick of cutting smoothly

on the oval table, a hollow pleasant sound

of wood chimes and scissors...

wood chimes...

but i stray —

the coffin red right at the foot of the pulpit contained my
torso

and my hair drawn on my head in brown wax crayon.

and the coffin,
the coffin lined in white enamel is so smooth,
it looks like a brand new lamborghini;
its lid to be lifted like that of a cooking pot —
what does this mean, bismarck?
how could a car become a pot, even in a dream?

seasofme290216parallaxis

96. pivot

it is from the ache for to taste words that i
can think them in my throat deep at back
and i breathe in the blood of them,
grope them for whiles, at least, till their shape
takes shape. i gulp, glottis-spasmed
great gobbles to gorge on, trust their dust
comes to life-saving rest on my tongue

seasofme270216

97. sirocco

southern winds of devil
breath warm and welcome
envelop me in whirling
sheets of sand whip my
skin with a thousand lashes
of life let loose a shower
of switches an
orgasm
of pinpricks' pronged and piercing
pleasures

seasofme240216

98. lifted

there is no surprise
in finding that
my heart just
lifted
for no reason —
(but that's a lie)
the lift is in lifting
my bum
and moving it in the
general direction
of
doing
that
thing
i should
do
but butt but
i'm thinking,
in fact, both weigh nothing

so light so light

seasofme200216parallaxis

99. fear

this time the feathers explode in my throat
dry and plentiful. no room for air. the only
sound is mine of suffocation, helpless swallow
that is no swallow there can be no swallow
only a swallow lodges behind epiglottis
aburst in dry feathered death splendour —
not even blood —
can all breath just go?
just go
now

100. the quiet of old blood, warm bread

i noticed it some months ago. i stepped into my kitchen and my nostrils immediately detected a new smell. it disappeared right then. but i was aware. my nose can never fool me. i'd smelled a smell i didn't know. and it was just, just, just on the side of offish. like a smell of dried blood. and something else. something homey. like yeast. or sour dough bread, freshly baked. and soon i was waiting for it, trying to smell it ahead of it reaching me. over days i kept smelling it only in the kitchen. i was like any animal with a nose twitching in the air... waiting, waiting, expecting. pouncing on it when i detected the merest whiff. trying to make out what it smelled of exactly. of course i hoped it would just go away. disappear. at some point i suspected it was coming from outside but i put my head inside the fridge. nothing. inside my stove. nothing. in the cupboards. nothing. in fact, when i opened any door at all to smell inside, the smell just disappeared and i could detect the smells i knew by heart, only. i cleaned the fridge anyway. and the stove. i unpacked the cupboards and cleaned and washed and wiped and watered and soaped and dried. still my nose twitched, nearly involuntarily now, on my way to the kitchen and inevitably there would be the smell, the second i stepped inside. that is how i thought of it after a week. the smell. 'the smell'.

i was distraught when i detected it in the bathroom for the first time. i felt like i could cry. there was nothing to open or close in the bathroom except that little door underneath the bath, set in the tiles. where the plumbing is. but i was too frightened to look there. it was dark there

and clammy. i thought. one time i even invited ebben up to the flat. i had to know whether she could smell it too. i thought that if she did, i would open that little door while she was there and take a peek... ebben smelled nothing that time. and nor did i, actually... that day. disappointment. such disappointment.

after about two weeks, i was walking around like a blood hound. my nose was never still. i tried to smell it even when i could not. it was like a hiccup. when i smelled it, it upset me. when i did not, it upset me because i was expecting it.

the first time i smelled it when i entered my front door, i felt relieved. i thought, at last. here it is at last. i have been waiting so long for it to welcome me when i get home... and thank god, here it is now... familiar and now belonging to me.

only me.

101. my baby my poem

new leaves in the vineyards sprig white green, white
yellow

not red and purple and blue.

it is hard to see past the dramatics,

do they mean anything at all?

can you see them too, not meaning a single thing?

there is a certain way where words mean nothing

in a grand manner

but this is not it;

this rings of no dreams, no visions, no heart,

especially no heart at all, and no true

at all. maybe it's me

and maybe these visions are my blue —

but for all the travel, all the distance, all the world over

where no one can really go, where no one has been,

especially me, this still sounds eyes-closed,

finger-jabbing spot-off, somewhere not there

and hollow

102. not sound, bismarck

the sound in this house is all fridge and sky, bismarck

i have missed your tattered remarks, sparsely worded,
thin like bible pages and stronger than love —

the blue of the ocean is a cutting memory, salted and
stinging

between my fingers, inside my elbows; i long for the
chafe

of sand between my thighs till the blood smears lightly

like when i was ten. blood on blood. now i have to make
do with my

own punishment; it is not easy, it is not pleasant —

the arches of my feet are taut from tiptoeing through
your mind

looking for me. i hide so well. you would not

have it any other way. shake your saltshaker,

open my eyes in disbelief, relief, grief. and spice,
bismarck,

bring the ocean back to me

my salt, that salt

103. initiation

eyes like teeth

feral glassgreen that leaks pain

from the animal in your face

who is hardly hiding

pounce crouched

stays

but

i cannot see a whip

104. motley bloom

i am the white goddess
i know what you think, but the opposite
of me is not black, so relax, it's not like that
my hair is white but my roots are black (now don't relax)
— like my eyes that are the new lips
(eyes are the new lips, get that?)
she strolls on her toes over clouds, but
drags on all fours in her mind,
she makes no difference where she moves,
dim eyes flickering in silence, the enslaving
sound of a real life reel absent but t-h-e-r-e
clic-clic-clic-clic-clic-liclicliclicccliccclic
helping her eyes on, making her lids go
making her smile lean inward where the deep
root shines with thick determination—
pixel-perfect picture this time, reaching
down, down, down into the white of her,
into deep, deeper, deepest light of her
i am the black goddess
i don't know what you think, but the opposite

of me is white, so don't relax, it's how it is
my locks are black but my tips are white (yes, be relaxed)
— i have pixels in my eyes — the new distortion
(the pixels are distorted, get that?)
seasofme270116parallaxis

105. amnesiac

i don't know how to dig so deep

like before

i don't know how far i can go back

anymore

i can't see the bottom of the past

so obscure;

i can't even see down the path from

the door

see the worry in my eye, my less is also

my more

106. the far out bar at the end of the ocean

white water-spinned blue glass perfectly piped
earthworm

rolling, precision math circle, wet dolphin — smooth

dolphin — rich, cylinder cycle. later blue-grey

is the new sunset on my lap, in my eyes

my beers are colder than the ocean, clearer

than the sky, the air umbrella filled with

waitresses and their bright green nails

under stars or on them.

sparkling new planets. they rejoice like hymns;

dignified pearls' patina.

plural me, my many

seasofme21.01.16parallaxix

107. instead of watching water

...i watch your shadow flit through
shadows. to me you are the sun,
you do not know how bright you
shine — that burning mass in
unexpected places, like some long ago bush
(do you know the one)
i watch your shadow breeze through
shadows, i always see that mirror
bright; there is me, reflecting from
your winding, tangled light
and i am so small but i
shimmer. you make me flare and
in my passion you are the untiring stare
and i will never look away

108. morosity maimed my cat

my cat, my cat, morosity maimed my cat
drat that drat that, all i want is my puss back!
we crawled through thick and thin and listened to the din
drat that, jack sprat, all i want is my puss back!
where the river is wide it is shallow
where branches drop into the dry bed
there is a lone person in the shade
who feels the wind under the sun;
it does not hurt, but there's no smell.
they sit there with a wide eye and inhale
the desert and the sky and the sun
there is a vista that fills the senses
the veld fills all the thorns and adorns the dry

109. all (y)our hands

all (y)our hands are intimate things to me.
a thousand times i must have seen them
and never took much notice;
now i mull over how experienced they look
how much older without being old
so adept
and i speculate, that is what hands should be,
adept and accurate
i nearly blush to think how intimate they have been
who did they touch?
whose hands never changed a nappy?
whose hands never touched intimate parts?
their own, parts of others?
which of these hands have never sliced a lemon
or made a camp bed in the desert
or picked up stones under stars?
mine have never baked a cake.
mine have never worn a ring that fits too tightly.
if you looked at my hands would you know that too?
how much comfort have you dealt?

it must have been vast.

a world of it.

and not enough. never enough.

that cannot be fair.

i look at all the hands and i am left with the hope

that they are all loved deeply —

and held;

i hope they are held tightly.

110. diamond eye

(gospel escapes from itself in red attire
it needs no aid from you or me)

is that a snake in the stars,
winking with pointed beckoning
at us to come nearer but not look closely?
diamond eye blind diamond eye —
it sniffs through its intergalactic nose
and cannot smell, though it has woven itself
into the scent of the stars and moves
blindly north. words appear like poppies,
helplessly they go, bleeding a mouthy river that
runs in one direction, not quite parallel
but very deeply parallax and all relax — black hole down

111. heaven

i feel vacation looming on the wind. it has a smokey drawl. i see it move in the grey and the green and i can hear it in the yappy fray of car sounds. i feel the sea that comes with the sun. i want to wake up in the house and see cat sit in front of the glass doors waiting for someone in the quiet to wake up and open them wide. i want to switch on the coffeemaker with an alert 'chook' sound and smell it all waft through the half light. i want to sit at the table and have my feet in socks and watch the ocean in the distance and measure the colour of the sky to the colour of the water and guess the weather for the day. it is the mist i love. it is the fog i watch as it watches me, right here, right now. it is the sun i love. it is the sun i watch as it watches me, right here, right now. it is the sky that lifts me up and carries me into the blue. it is my eye that sees it. it is my blood that feels the heat. it is my blood that feels the mist. it is life that loves me and i can feel every single thing breathe around me...

112. earlier

i run ahead to keep up

ahead of words

ahead of fear

ahead of happiness

i turn around

i wait for it and i catch it

i catch it to keep up

and to run ahead

and the media is ahead of me

113. crystal

the new year is patient, having waited for millions of years

we wait for it too, dressed only in sea breezes, lifted high above the rest, making earnest promises to the sky. or something. making waves as we go. making no sense at all.

i see something in its eyes that i try not to understand
i try to buffer the surprise — always new as the moon

114. madame lemone-sol

i have planted a miniature lemon that now made a tree,
much to my surprise.

even when i cut it off right at soil level to rid it from lice,
it made new branches;

there were three shy lemons, at first. miniatures too
small duplicates.

skin so thin. juice so thick. as the branches hung over the
vast void i feared

they would fall into that wide chasm and be lost. but i
saved them.

the first one hung there. so green for so long. when it
grew lemon-ripe

i picked it gently. it dropped into my palm. the second
one bent the

branch in an arc and stared down to the street below, at
peace while

i plucked it softly, its yellow skin perfumed my hand. the
last one

fell to the inside, brightly on top of the soil. i rescued it
with my honeyed

fingers, cheeky owner of the three happiest lemons in
africa on one coast

seasofme271215parallaxis

115. three parts inspiration and a dream in jamestown, st helena

i

jita and rames arrived in jamestown, st helena. the steps in the rockface were steep and they breathed hard by the time they reached the top and looked out over the bay where their ship was docked. the old town enchanted them. the small and charming buildings had a magic that umbrella-ed everything. out of another era. everything was. they had never encountered so many steps and alleys and steps in alleys. they were blinded by the colourful roofs of red, blue, yellow, green. plain colours. she thought of them as rainbow-plains. the palm trees were a deep part of the picture. they had been a part of it for one hundred years. both the man and the woman felt they had been here before. in some secret life. she felt she must have been a slave favoured by the owner of the hotel. he felt he was kept by a rich lady whose husband drank too often and always too much. as she walked, she twirled her pearls with her forefinger. he held her left hand firmly and comfortably. there was no difference in the colour of the street lamps and the dust their feet stirred in vague and dainty little clouds. there was an unlikely coolness in the sky. and the promise of unexpected goose bumps every now and then. and delicious nipple stands.

ii

that hole grew bigger
and badder things leaked out

badder than could ever be here

...bad, letting bad look good

iii

i parked your car in the stranger's driveway next to the long coffin — rippled glass with pink flowers, inlaid — soon models were using it as a walkway to show handmade coats. ten inch heels once more clacking and clicking on the uneven glass surface.

iv

sigh...

being inspiration

is hard

hard work...

116. my lady with the green glass

the afternoon is doe eyed, it watches o'er the sea
the afternoon is doe eyed, it watches out with me
the sky holds misty visitors who sail aloft and watch
there's a song in the wind and it's sighing through the
dunes

the air that skims my hair, cooled my neck, stroked my
ears

the air that skims my hair, kissed my cheek, took my
fears

rowdy sun has a throaty laugh and freshly salted breath
its catchy tune slips on my tongue, and soon we'll go to
sleep

the lady with the green glass, drinks pears in bubbly
foam

the lady with the green glass, wears silver rings at home
tonight the fog will curl up and lay down in her arms
she'll dream of a star that sails by and looks lovingly onto
her

seasofme131215parallaxis

this old media is exceptional, the lyrics and pictures made me feel like laughing and crying all in one go. it is everything in the world... if that makes sense. i love it.

117. happy (one)

i suspect happy is a gene.

or not (too bad, that) — like thin is in a taste bud,

like good skin, like being left handed,

like truth. (imagine if we could hold it)

and the more there is, the more there is

i am not sure of all this

but it makes the only sense

and i feel my genes whispering consistently

and i listen well.

118. on the subject of eye ball sushi

the sushi chef wore one long latex glove and pale it was
too;

it came up to his right shoulder while

he was slicing fifteen eyeballs in half. i was thinking

i should have ordered only five — they were brown eyes.

they made perfect maki, however. clever parrots brought
them in hard beaks

to the table, dropping them delicately onto my plate one
at a time

before making their way back down my clothes, down
table cloths

to fetch the next delicacy of eyeball;

the chef gave me his glove to wear

and it was stained.

suddenly i was in two minds about the order

but i wasn't letting on.

i could sense their paranoia.

the fish, i mean.

seasofme301115parallaxis

119. focused ant in a hurry

it was so tiny

(i saw an ant run today)

butitransoFAST!

120. soft tongued

now i have to use elevated speech or invent
words that will mean what i want to say;
it is not easy, the speech of angels, especially
coming from angels far away from god; the tongue
is a slimy and slippery stone that hangs
in my throat and waits on the spit of a spirit
to sluice the tumid terms and to seed words
that can twist and pull a tooth from me, blood
cooling my mouth parts and boiling blank
runes out from my heart; maybe a god with
a core of its own will hear my plea these days,
and not feel that need to tear life out; a kind host,
no vengeance-of-the-lord wings whip-cracking,
but one who speaks clearly and makes words
i have never heard. and unclouded words.
flowing cool like blue-chilled milk and i can say
them in likeness, to you. and my breath will be
silvered frost and my speak will save you and
you will know what it means when you hear it;
the meaning you will know when i make my echo.

(mostly words mean less than nothing
now; all are mockeries of sound)
seasofme 181115parallaxis

121. moon drop

let me down on
ladders of light
i'll be watching silver water
where the moon makes it bright
i'll reach down into the ocean and soft
lapping is what i will hear on
my way down on
ladders of light

122. threads thought

threaded through thursday you'll find me ripe for
friday and hours of you
a weekend of nights and coffee and stars
and the parts that are well
and the parts
that are not
and everything still perfect
for me
just so you know

we remain
the rubies in the sky of the sky
whether the sun cries or dies
and even when the rain comes

especially when the rain comes

123. open eyes

peels unpeel her eyes

in white light bathed, like blindness bonded

and beckoning the known, hither

be wet cement

i would lay me down

in there

seasofme081115parallaxis

124. scare

fear is a bird in the heart
with dull feathers pointing rusted pins,
poisonbent and ragged
they crimp and correct
involuntarily
in that paper space

125. eating alone

the souls of my feet grow thinner as
i shed the weight
i feel
myself climb
climb
evaporate

model metal girlfriend me

there is something about eating alone that i love
how everything there is mine a table
all the space all the air how all the groups
of people are too many how perfect one can be
air surrounds the food is void of breath
seats are mine and the waiter is mine, all mine
and i have him al fresco

126. sunk

for old times' sake you would take one more
in your phantom limbs —
you always slap
with your hollow wrists and empty palms,
you try to throw and harry

but it really is too late from here

know this —
empty,
floats.

and spook time is forever over —
and ghosts are just dead even as they pant
(for their deeds, for those deeds)
and hollow people rattle when you shake them
(so say not i, but the lightning seeds)

127. scurvy poem

a song that only i can hear
and today it went like this:

i'm sure i've got scurvy.
'eat three hundred limes.'
how do i catch them before they jump off the cliff?
'those are lemons.'
you're lying to me...
'no, I'm sure they were lemons.'
okay. but are you quite sure?
'well... i may have made a slight spelling error, they
could have been lemmings'
now you are being daft! those grow on trees. please stop
trying to confuse me.
'oh... sorry. but you have to admit they are cliffhangers...'

seasofme29.10.15parallaxis

128. then i said to mia...

me neither.

but maybe for other reasons,
selfishness being one for sure.
and my contribution to this world
is not giving any.
a huge gift if you ask me.
or so most should think, i think
...and i give it easily.

and then i said to mia,
you know,
i might make a poem out of this.

seasofme261015parallaxis

129. the wood for the trees, the dagger in the cloak

she knows not how to let go of the air in her words
she knows not how much to blow into that balloon
how to twist and fold it, tie it twice, stretch its pain
to make that shape she feels in her wordy mouth,
the twin to the bubble in her mind, the ropy, jelly-baby
idea that skirmishes through her teeth and past her lips
into that invisible chute, from her pencil and into the
paper

she cannot see the wood for the trees sometimes
but she can see through the walls and the woolly cloaks

130. bismarck meets vasco

your tongue is a forked road which i spy from afar
i stumble but keep walking, wipe my hair from my eyes
an alligator leads the way, snapping, snapping at my toes
(is he leading, walking backwards like that?)
forked tongue, forked road; which should i choose?

i bought a ship today.
i carry it where i go so the wood will not rot
in those putrid waters where my harbour meets your
dirty mind
tongue lapping, tongue lapping
forever lolling

you do not have to like my cooking
or my poetry,
but you have to get your own ship

131. iris

jesus...

look

into my

eyes

now.

now!

132. (in)deed

take heart. truth will ring
through silence. hushed, it waits; to
unfold... bare, published

seasofme251015

133. thoughts (highwaytalks ii)

your head points west, to the coast.
i wonder what that means —
you with your many-and-no religions
i try to think in significance, but i can't.
you'd probably laugh in my face and say,
what bull, stop trying to do this
or your dramatic self would stay quiet, not saying a
word,
making me squirm.
except i'd never squirm and you know that,
so you'll just look at me.
which would likely make me squirm, when you'd looked
long enough,
neat mustache smiling.

i remember your face best. and every movement of it.

of all the dead people i know, you must be the least dead.
and i can even see the eternal roses in your cheeks.
still blooming in your beautiful skin, still blooming;

it's halloween soon. so un-african but so you.
i have a far-flung memory of flying earrings
and blood on our dance floor;
i know you remember.
we all do.

so.

for goodness' sake, don't come visiting.
especially your sister.
or me, or me.
i mean it.

seasofme102015

134. tinned heart

people call me a cold-hearted bitch...

but actually i have the heart of a little girl,

in a jar.

on my desk.

in true halloween spirit, i had to post this, although, unfortunately i did not write it, and for that reason i'll be eternally sad because i truly wish that i did. i also googled around a bit, but found nothing. if anyone knows more about this little masterpiece, please share, i'd love to know too.

135. bushman painting

with these lips i thee wed
venus of willendorf
with these breasts i thee fed
bellowing bison
with these hooves i thee protect
einstein

i love your hair

but,
sir,
you found paintings of me
on a wall
in the dark where it was moist
and i was moist,
in the caves of lascaux, all those
many years ago. and
you said
nothing

seasofme141015parallaxis

136. what sun and moon do

moon lips watch you, kiss my cheek

sun kissed my head

moon eyes kiss you, watch me for long

sun watched my back

moon hands catch sun softly

sun received moon slowly

moon toes dig into moon beach sand

sun baked castle walls

moon fingers touch red cheeks and sigh

sun browned white to wholewheat

moon tummy fills with moon beams blue

sun fed earth

moon sails after sun by day

sun sailed on high skies

moon heart catches my love, holds it up

sun warmed the cockles of my heart too

137. bite (one)

is an itch on the skin underneath my foot
where a monster
mosquito sssssucked at
the bluest of bloods;
so i wait for the
west nile virus
to eat the softest of me
while i sleep my african sleep
(i do not want you to sleep right now)

fear is a mile long proboscis
aiming for my eye

138. to albatrosses everywhere

invisible bird flies and i can see its wings in your eyes —
of course i will not feed it;

i don't
mind losing this poem or the tongue
that speaks it, plucked, but less motionless than before

i explain, moving mouth,
silent movie. read my lips, and into the wind.

and even when your wings are suddenly stretched,
i realise you do not understand
and i pray that you will not fly. again.

139. a taste of must

wednesdays and sunday evenings, the days of must and cheese and bread.

we hated it then but missed it if it was missing. in a cool supper hall

the girls smelled brown from sun and pool and slouching on the grass half a day,

tennis courts in the distance, nearly as far away as the mountains.

now i would do anything to taste that combination one more time

and feel how the black green peaks held me in their sun and shade, in their pines,

in shadows while grapevines held the wine and we weaved in (and out) of

our own daily lives that were so full of each other. feel how those huge windows

let in life; and ours, sometimes too much of it, often, would escape and we

could assemble some semblance of calm. on sundays after church, we thought

we knew it all and we shared our wisdom, so accepting of each others' clever talk

moskonfyt is a strange thing. it is very well known in the western cape and all the surrounding wine lands. it is made from grapes and has a very specific taste. tart and sweet at

the same time and the moskonfyt i tasted, had the texture and clearness of syrup, but dark, dark brown, like the wood of an old barrel, and so thick. it also has a very strong smell. we used to eat it with cheese on brown bread. it must be my jam (and i don't really like jam) month, because i cannot stop thinking about it (or that tomato jam) and i may have to write something about marmalade and fig jam too!

oxford english dictionary **moskonfyt** || **moskonfyt** *s. afr.* ('mɒskɒn,fert)[afrikaans, f. *mos* must + *konfyt* jam.] a thick syrup prepared from grapes. **1891** *pall mall gaz.* extra no. 58, oct. 13/2 it was *mos-komfyt*, I found, made with grape-juice. **1905** *agric. jrnal. cape of good hope* 483 (pettman), the first idea in planting vines is to provide *mos confyt*, a kind of grape sugar syrup, which is given as part of their rations to the coloured labourers. **1931** t. j. haarhoff *vergil in experience s. afr.* i. 3 '*moskonfyt*' is used, as it was by the romans, partly as a syrup and partly to break down the acidity of wines. **1953** *cape times* 10 mar. 2/4 a consignment of 600 110-gallon drums of *moskonfyt*, which will be processed into wine in britain. **1975** *daily dispatch* (east london, cape province) 20 sept. 5 a grape for raisins and also for the production of sweet wines, moskonfyt and even jam.

must (from the latin *vinum mustum*, "young wine") is freshly (usually) that contains the skins, seeds, and stems of the fruit. the solid portion of the must is called pomace; it typically makes up 7%-23% of the total weight of the must. making must is the first step in wine making. because of its high content, typically between 10 and 15%, must is also used as a sweetener in a variety of cuisines. unlike commercially sold grape juice, which is filtered and pasteurized, must is thick with particulate matter, opaque, and comes in various shades of brown and/or purple.

saba a.k.a. sapa, vin cotto, mosto cotto

what is it?

saba is reduced grape must (unfermented grape juice) from italy. this brown, syrupy substance has a sweet, concentrated, almost prune-like flavor. depending on region, dialect, or translation, it can go by several names: saba is from sardinia, sapa is from emiglia romagna; in apulia, the syrup is called vin cotto, and in yet another italian region the same may be called mosto cotto. other countries with wine growing regions also have versions of this grape-must syrup-turkey's is called pekmez, and in palestine it's dibs. whatever its name, the syrup is terrific with roasted grapes or pears, drizzled on strong cheeses such as parmigiano-reggiano or gorgonzola, or brushed on roasted lamb or duck.

seasofme061015parallaxis

140. lifeline

i become un-damaged when you speak to me;
i feel the blood move from my toes, up, up and
circle softly inside my head, gathering kindnesses
you teach and leave with me to inspect. i find
it hard to do, but you know my weakness and its
strength better than i do. and you are never as
surprised as i am at my strong blood, like a
safety net that moves through my veins and
arteries, serving as a clothesline to peg all
my hurrahs and shouts of victory and tiaras on.

141. running backwards with my cross on fire

sometimes my cross self combusts,
it bursts into blue flames and i think i frighten you;
sometimes that light warms your heart
but mostly it sets your mind to charcoal
in the shape of the praying hands,
but squat hands. dumb thumbs.

and i think: if you made a mistake, why do you
not just fix it? if your judgement was off kilter
just right it. if you're sorry, you're forgiven.
just make right what you made wrong.

sometimes my cross self combusts
it bursts into blue flames and it frightens me;
sometimes that light warms my heart
but mostly it sets my mind to charcoal
in the shape of the praying hands,
but squat hands. dumb thumbs.

your dumb thumbs, your dumb thumbs.

remodel —

(look what you did)

seasofme031015parallaxis

142. the key to ellen

ellen asks for the key of your number four dance studio;
she says you must bring it back, please. this afternoon
still.

she says it in a husky and quiet tone. very husky. very
softly.

it makes me want to fall asleep. and her consonants
sound like

huge squares of heavy, salted butter falling into flour,
while her esses are

rounded but clear like a long and thin and very friendly
female snake;

no lisping though. just husky, like she has mild and sexy
laryngitis.

her dresses are tight, like snakeskin before the shed and
her secure

voluptuosities are breathtaking and serious. they sit,
firmly attached and

anchored to her being. in front and at her back. like her
hair that comes

in every style there is; tall formal hoity toity or big hair at
ease. pony askew

or afro halo. ellen is darkest chocolate. warm and strong.
like coffee. like

a summer evening after dusk when the moon, like the
loopy-large whites

of her eyes, comes out to play.

if you hand me the key, i can give it to ellen...

143. slip in, bright as the summer sun

you slip in. undetected and filled with jollies; i sense your
smile

at the back of my head. sleep-warmed, hardly awake but
willing

to love me all the same. it is what i wake for. it is what i
rise for.

i slump in my chair. sleep weighs a ton. lids the same.
but my

smile is a feather and it pulls me upupup to where you
wait.

thin and ready. your smile is a well worn ring. the one i
have

with the huge diamond that turned into a ruby a few
julys ago.

erotic ruby, red and royal. rub the magic ring in the
round.

you sit down, quite quiet, back straight. full lips teased
my way,

smile makes the sun shine, sun shine, rain shine. i shine,
i shimmer.

you make me impossibly bright. despite. despite. despite.
despite.

seasofme210915parallaxis

144. clever cheese

i would give up my farm to smell you right now.

but i don't have one. if i did, i would give it to the one
who brought me you. or anyone else. and my home too.

i do have that. if someone brought me you, i would give
them all my cds just like that. and a painting.

i would probably bathe you. i would certainly feed you.

for we would travel far. maybe to the desert or some
place

very high like the east side veranda where the sun rises

i would pack us a bundle to carry on a stick.

bread and clever cheeses that knew my heart.

i would go with you. and that is all i would do.

all day. for all of my life. i would just be with you.

for ever more and smell you (i know you believe me too)

—

all the time. all the time, my love. until the sun never sets
again.

(not that we would want that, but you know... would it
matter?)

145. letter to my baby

thank you

i am flattered

that you think enough of me to love me in

all the ways i cannot count and foresee

and the ways in which you think up to laud me

applaud me

attend to me

i am sorry to take up

so much of your time,

(please calm down now)

babe

i might never harm you, you know

thank you again

146. umbra

i think you do not see my words for what they say, my
love

i think you think i write poetry or something

actually some of them are little letters,
(love and otherwise) and sometimes just tell
how i feel about the things i think of in the dark

i have the nearest feelings of your limbs sometimes
and if i look straight ahead i can see you from the
corner of my eye. i imagine your eyes half shut and
watching me, thinking i am lovely.

i imagine that you smile at me while you are
amused by me in silence.

i think your love is a tree, growing forever,
evergreen so as always to shade me.
for how can shade be anything but good, i wonder?
when it is not needed, the sun does not shine and
there is always shelter for me. or cover from the burn.

i have to find a perfect metaphor for you one day

seasofme160915parallaxis

147. yes, bismarck, a mystery tomato

i understand now a mystery sweetness to tomatoes still
green

and left on the train track in the shade of trunks of trees.
and

the sun is beautifully high up but all the leaves are low
and blue,

like you. not a pretty sight, bismarck, not a pretty sight.
you

remember how those boops of betty got the sack in the
sack?

that is how it will happen, just mark my words and my
money.

and watch for the signs in the sky above your clever
head. it

will become more than clear in a week or a day if you
just wait.

in the mean time, bismarck , do not be late at the dentist,
she

may not gift you the green tomato and you'll be sad sack,
won't you?

148. happy place

walls of poetry — rock you hold you —
whispering pale yellow chips to complete your vowels,
your sighs are rosebuds of butter and moss at the end of
spring

but you are no carefree sleeper
you mirror angst and frowns
or laugh in an ungainly manner in your sleep
you have to concentrate on it;
no arm carelessly dangles in angelic angle
but sunny drapes push you up
put you down
pull you past
back within the mossy walls of yellow
your happy place

149. fata morgana

kilroy was here.

or was it kiljoy?

here in my castle, that no good earthworm in cloche
and myopic to boot

one boot. two boots. many, many boots. singing words
strung like beans

but bean skin tougher than most (it's the salt, of course)
and pressure cooker no help under pressure.

in the warmth of air, changing presence from warm to
cold

like so much imagination and fata morgana;
a ship of fools on an ocean of love

and who knows how to navigate?
who knows where to go?
and is that even a vessel?

all is what it seems, a spaghetti western;

and fear not the fata morgana
these castle walls have their own translation

seasofme10.09.15parallaxis

150. tea time travels

traipsing streets in the sunshine, toasted by the hot high
ball, the shop trolleys

squeak-screech pleasantly, familiarly, to bring cents to
their pushers peddling paper

those glue-sniffed boys that smile through thick sad eyes,
they hand me free for-gossip

pages and i buy. we buy. for more cents. cents and cents
make for happy eyes —

my little town so cosmopolitan, so grownup, so home to
sweet mongrels

151. carole alto

carole alto

the name was a dream, but it stuck —

clear as glass. carole alto

and the earthquake;

white stilettos step on creamy debris.

brown ankles dipped in dark water,

wide legged balance on pieces of ten inch plaster

halfway submerging with her weight, but precariously

she moves forward as if on stilts, dark arches around and ahead —

in the halflight she thinks she is in venice. again. (does europe

follow her where she goes?)

carole alto

her saviour in a bottle

she does not swallow, she stipples, she daubs

and sadness walks in her perfumed shadow

while smelling like so many million dollars

and carole alto

she thinks,

surely this could be an ad

seasofme060915parallaxis

152. magic jam

there were so many tomatoes that time. so you made jam. from a recipe you read like a story. it was the most beautiful jam i had ever, ever seen. i unscrewed the lid of the small (why so small) pot you brought me. (after inspecting for tomato skins and finding none. visible, anyway) and me no fan of jam. the very first thought that came to me was that i had never smelled a tomato before. ever. ever. until this very second. it was so beautiful. it looked like liquid glass, the jam so clear, nearly colourless with bright red-orangey pieces shining there. nothing about it looked real at all. tomato pips sat jellied and secure, happy in the molten glass of that jam. it looked so much like a wet ornament, just blown, still hot and right now, cooling.

tomatoes inglass-inglass-inglass
unfloat lucent and burnished float
such tiny juicy sun-balloons;
seeds suspended in magic jelly
that unreal light and
viscid thick
reminds me of you and early farm mornings
maybe sleepless nights
thick cream on ice cold milk;

bread so dense it could feed all the hungry mouths in the whole world

seasofme040915parallaxis

153. we're having a good time, aren't we?

suddenly behind my eyes i could see history moving a family

it moved while i was one only and each one in my family was single with no history there. no history at all.

i wish i could tell god something. just a small suggestion. and for free. like what if the good guys could just get all the good stuff? and the bad guys could get all the shit. what about that? does that make sense to anyone else? it would be tolerable if the punishment went to the ones who deserve. but it seems like the good get punished for the deeds of the bad. there is no method in the madness. there is none. and we are lambs to the slaughter. and if life is not fair, why is that just fine too?

it ought not to be okay, no sir, god, it ought to be so not okay!

just a suggestion, not brain surgery, you know...

and history moving a family

it moved them while i was one only and each one in my family

was single with no history there. no history at all.

what is your history worth?

154. rose un-rapped

a deep-dark rose with thorns of blood
could bleed such words on tortured page
it mattered not that pain did flood
black rose suffered from an early age

the wild-heart rose of beauty strange
could seldom see the blooms at all
most pain was felt and in that cage
sore petals bruised and then did fall

that pained teen rose tried every day
to lift cautious eyes and look ahead
but hardships poured down anyway
rose felt sadness that turned to dread

so heart-hurt rose knew wounds through thorns
the pricks were many, the taunts were more
the withering started within those storms
and carved at courage from the core

it's easy to talk and words are quickly spoken;
how i wish your pain would have flown far away
a teenage rose, you were snapped and broken
did i want to say something to convince you to stay?

155. beach talk in three parts

to a perfume i have never smelled...

(and to have such good taste that even one's distaste is impeccable...)

'the blue hour is famous for its romantic connotations, particularly in the arts. a colloquial french saying characterises the blue hour as a time of confusion and mystery, since it is impossible to determine whether it is really night or day. and they changed ruby's cover, but not during this blue hour... as a result of the perceived specialness of this time, there are various restaurants, theaters and hotels called *l'heure bleue*, located worldwide. there is also a women's perfume by (1912) of the same name.'

(would that be italian, right there?)

i said gollows, not follows, but i meant follows

runs around gollows

ego gollows follows

hollow gollow follow

i said gollows, not follows, but i mean follows,

i do

do you remember?

we talk about this often. (do you remember the story she told about the funeral?)

i heard this story once. at the wake people were milling about the house. the story teller sat in a chair facing the corridor. she could see how the funeral goers were avoiding bumping into the figure standing still in the middle of the passage way. and they were not aware of doing so. but she saw them swerve while the figure of the woman stood unmoving in the middle. and everyone swerved past.

now. can you quite believe that?

seasofme260815parallaxis

156. falling up

i like the way i have two ways to fall; being safe,
i am blessed like that. and the welcomes i receive
from windows that open, envelop me in warm mists
that spread by midday and leave my arms free
for embracing both. like balloons, tied lightly (but tied
freely),
i float from here to here and under warm and cold
currents, in free airs that trace your cheeks and
trace your closed lids, for me to imagine, over and over.
i feel freed by love from the four corners, for i need
the wind and wet skies that frown down so that
i can bend over backwards to please and taste the rain

157. white winds

wind blows the white wilds there and back, mad egg
whites, whipped and frothing;

no cobwebs here, no cobwebs there, clouds are gray
duvets stretched then bunched,

they have no end, even where they begin to gallop, no
horses from the camargue, they,

but the wildly shod of desert dunes. and hills are moored
today but sky is loose,

though wide and an electric jewellery airshow arcs not
far away. trees are running,

they shake their heads and scream, they all move west,
faster than the sun.

seasofme230815parallaxis

158. repossess

i give my words and then i take them back
i put them where i enjoy them more
they sit like tiny flowers, tiny weeds, but pretty;
they are meant to be, firstly, a gift to you
but they call me back. they say, we are too
pretty there; put us here, where we can serve you
better. where we make you happier. happier than there.

and they smile when they say that, mind you.

159. late-winter pre-sunset, flambéed (or what i would have liked to show you)

i wish i could show you, this late cantaloupe afternoon in
gold-glimmer sky —

muskmelon, nutmeg papaya , misting dim through
cheesecloth sift,

a purple-red globe hangs on spider trees when the
breeze is blue,

swathed in twisty turns and sharp corners that shout
with no sound.

the sun, that harmless ball set in pale, retreating west
away and far,

but here, near, and over there; grey wings fly home,
chattering

all the way to eaves, last chirps beckon behind-time
birds; and all green

things hold their breaths for sunset, only a breathing
space away;

and hush sounds holy while last horizons rest behind the
trees here, in fragile blue —

and in the night-pink light,

dust becomes dusk

just as dusk becomes the dust.

about the media:

'this is a south african song, a zulu song called mbube (lion)...it has been sung for decades in south africa; we talk about a lion sleeping but it just deeper than you think; when a king dies we say in africa, that he sleeps and when shaka died they sang it to tell the people that the lion is sleeping ..i yu m'bube which means, you are the lion... shaka you can't die you are certainly sleeping...'

seasofme190815

160. if you free me, i'll free you, so help me...

losing track of how the words ought to go
i'm never sure it is still according to the
unplanned. i may lose sight of the freedom here
and write myself all the way behind my bars;
my unknown is your prosperity
my non fiction seems to be someone else's random.
that is painful.
this is painful.
help me here... so help me.

161. kintsugi

if i could fix the broken with the gold, would it be mended enough?

if i could paint paths of love on your body, could it be repaired enough?

if i could fill your veins from the inside out, could i heal your mind enough?

if i could layer your broken skin, could i remove your pain enough?

if i could patch your torn thoughts, could i calm your storms enough?

if i could refit your pieces after puzzling, could you love me enough?

if i could fix the broken with the silver, would it be whole enough?

if i could breathe on your memories, could i warm them more?

if i could whisper to your thoughts, would they understand what i mean?

if i could dry the puddled pain, would there be no tired stain?

if i could pick you up from yourself, would my bundle be safe?

if i could feed your cares every day, would they full up and leave?

if i could fix your cracks with love, would that knit my love?

what is enough? may i never have that. may you never experience it.

most people would like damages to their broken items to be concealed and hidden by repair, making the object look like new. but the japanese art of kintsugi follows a different philosophy. rather than disguising the breakage, kintsugi restores the broken item, incorporating the damage into the aesthetic of the restored item, making it part of the object's history. kintsugi uses lacquer resin mixed with powdered gold, silver, platinum, copper or bronze, resulting into something more beautiful than the original. the original process is essentially a form of lacquer art. broken pieces are glued back together using urushi lacquer, derived from the sap of the chinese lacquer tree. the collection of the sap and processing of the urushi oil is difficult because of its toxicity. (before the urushiol has been absorbed by the skin, it can be removed with soap and water. however, time is of the essence, as 50% of the urushiol can be absorbed within 10 minutes. once urushiol has penetrated into the skin, attempting to remove it with water is ineffective). but once it dries and hardens, the toxic effects of the urushi oil are essentially nullified, making the lacquer ware safe to handle.

seasofme110815

162. ...and did you see michael? (highwaytalks i)

i stood before the bathroom mirror this morning
when loudly and rather unexpectedly, michael's
song played. i shouted, 'viva, boetie!'
and the joy and unreality, in equal measures,
that made me breathless with sad shock,
made my day fastforward in an energy surge
that surprised me. (but how could i not dance to that
tune?)

and i wished with the fierceness of fire that we could
all be together again, or at least, that if you could not
make it,

which of course you couldn't, the rest of us could, and
speak of you

and your perfect jacko moves (hand on crotch but not
quite —

too-shy-lady-di, somehow) and your whacky ways that we
all loved and love more now that we do not have them
around,

so that we could try to out-tell each other with the best
boetie-tale ever, and in our still-disbelieving moestaq-
minds we

would be your favourite, your favourite, with the way we
vie with each other so that you'd love us a little extra, a
little

most. most of all. (from wherever you are, it doesn't
matter where)

oh, we would, we certainly would try to be that one, that
favourite.

and when i told your sister this today, she did not
expect where my story was going. i could hear the
confusion in her

anti-response once she had registered my little telling of
it,

another realization-day catching her unawares in the gut.

and my fault. and i wished right then that i had rather
bitten off and swallowed my playful, careful tongue.

'boetie' means little brother

163. gretel's way

child i have outgrown you. even night times when i go to sleep,

before my eyes die, i remember the dreams i forgot
all threaded and a necklace made of mind,
sparkling and lighting my way through the deepest dark
as i stub my toes on that path, but the bloody trail shines
on

and gretel's crumbs are poison, but i eat, i eat, in case
they

lead you here. even if i do not find my way, find my way,
i have outgrown you, you need not stay.

seasofme10.08.15parallaxis

164. frost perching

frost perched on washing line whispers to arms
and morse code settles and braille is body's feel,
sometimes read clearly, it winks to blood and will flow
up where thoughts abide. it feeds praying mantis and
dragonfly

hair is a mess but flying things love it. also double taking
looks

flit through strands, this way and that. there is white
moon too

that brothers watch and it calls to arms all that are weak

embrace its cold and hold it to this chest, it cools the hot
heart.

it cools the hot heart that burns for love's sake that
burns under the white moon

that burns for splinter and scrap (all is smoke and
mirror)

that burns for words spoken and not

burn on, heart, burn on.

frost will perch once more. spry. all welcome. all cool and
welcome.

seasofme080815parallaxis

165. achtung, baby, achtung, please...

i'll meet you in the shower
see that you're there at eight
we'll meet behind the curtain
you'll be punished if you're late

i'll meet you in the shower
you'll soak and sud me in,
we'll use some time for scrubbing
if you're good, i'll let you sin

i'll meet you in the shower
you'll wear only a hat
(we'll make as if we're churching
how would you like that?)

i'll meet you in the shower
you'll splash and play with ease
we'll use the soap together
then, on to the kitchen, please...?

166. waterloo

seems words got the better of me; all day long i scratch
my mind-itch

with what i'll say then. in pencil, perhaps. or with a quill
and ink.

but i become confused with what i think you whispered
and i look

like the fool i am. i wish for time to be mine but it plays
with me and

every word i see, hurts. i nurse and lick these wounds
and they glow

and i am proud. but come night, my eye is blind again.
and all i can feel

is the scratching in my neck and the fear of what i'll feel
or find.

167. the hole in my head

there is a hole in my head — must be there — where words

leave secretly and turn into vapour, a silky air, an oily breeze; they squeeze on through and don't come back (though sometimes they do) but mostly they waft and visit the world without me. (they don't need me, see?) i spend days hunting with care and not so. and like a dream, they hover where i can just, just see them float easy and free. and they certainly do not need me.

168. making love

please do not make love to me

i know you would not punish me like that

making love

(making love schmaking love)

on the bed

please never

make love

to me

please ring my bell instead

169. truth and the wise

despite what you might think of my behaviour
sometimes,

you are my truth. and despite the in and out weaving of
such,

you are my truth. and when the sun and the moon
change

places, you stay my truth. when i see your worried eyes
and the frown of your mouth, head cocked down and
you stare at my chest, clearly weighing the serious words
that drop from your mouth like the balls in a casino
game, i listen and learn. and your patience knows
no bounds. you are more truth than most, even then.

170. the dreamwords

cut off the cheese, paper gets lost —

these words, clear as sky, wake with me
i copy them to phone to save, to pamper,
i feel them like a peach pip in my mouth
but i don't see the picture, there is no scene
they stay with me on my way to work and
keep me company all day long:
cut off the cheese, paper gets lost

days later i see them written and
i can hardly remember them and do not
quite know what must become of them,
poor words, dreamed once upon a night

171. please, mister king...? (or upon reading duma key again)

i said to him, i said, mister king, i love your epilogues, although they are never really epilogues in that sense. i think they are endings of endings. and i get the best feeling when at the end there, your so-very-likeable character looks back because months or years have passed and he summarizes how things have been going now and this one did that and that one went off there and ended up so and such and that other one is irreparably damaged (a nice person too)... usually such believable things... and then... and then. you write these sentences that make me want to cry because you yourself are obviously such a nice man and you have to tell the reader that however... however... this and that is not quite what it should be, but nonetheless life is going its merry way, yet the main character (or not) tells how things have changed in a super wistful or blue way or they changed or suffer now (more likely)... and she (the other one) never smiled again. ever. or painted again. ever. somehow nothing is the same anymore. nothing is the same anymore... and it breaks my heart the way you say it in bereavement and in such a pensive way that makes me think, mister stephen king, sir, why, why, why did you have to end this book that way?? it's your book, for god's sake! make them all perfect, make it all okay, i love them all so much! please fix them all? real life is hard enough, fix them, FIX THEM... but of course, you never listen... and i understand why cathy bates broke your ankles every time, over and over... AND OVER... that was why, isn't it? that was why! isn't it? isn't it?

172. blue brick road

i realise that you have no idea of my feelings for you,
no inkling (sweet word) of the bitterness and regret
that folds around my heart like a bandanna. snug,
familiar, perfect fit. acrid-blue as lead, when i see your
beloved face. love is not always hard as we skirt
ourselves

with no effort, but sometimes, sometimes it feels like
scales scraped off of my thoughts. all in the wrong
direction.

which is the right direction for that. and bloodily
effective.

you have no idea how much i want to relinquish my
power

and just be cared for and carried, by your love for me,
since before the beginning of this mad and crooked
world.

173. fight

all the words in the world seem elusive
and i wish english was my mother tongue
or my language yours, so that i could yell and
you'd understand what i said, despite, but
you don't and it has nothing to do with language,
i think, and we talk and we talk at each other and
i'm as frustrated as the concrete with which
i want to pound my reason into your head if
only i could lift this building, but i cannot,
it keeps dodging me and i hate that so much

174. grief in person

i had never observed grief so filled up, filled out, so full.
like her body had another body in there —
here body is body, as such, and grief is a presence that
fills and feeds and sits slumped in a chair looking and
looking out like an old dog with fed resignation. it has
a head of hair and sad eyes that look and look again,
death-old,
at figures moving and doing people things. i could have
taken this stranger onto my lap and held her. i think she
would
have let me, but i could not touch her. there was one too
many
inside of her and i feared her grief, that second being,
there;
contained and borne, it was magnificent to behold and
unbearable to watch. it filled her and it filled her out,
that
public pain that went unobserved even with the milling
of
skin that touched hers in that chair, where funeral
breaths mingled.
it filled her and it filled her out; it completed her and my
eyes could not leave her alone.

175. sabbath

(people get the sunday blues because
that is when decent couples couple)

i never get the sunday blues
and sabbath just rolls off my tongue
i steer(ed) clear of that on purpose
and was lucky in doing so
a blue day is any blue day
now if i get that blue
it could be any day of the week blues
even on sunday
it is then known as the sunday blues
but i steer clear of that

176. helix

in my find,
words spring and divide,
rotate,
permeate
lift me
lift me
sometimes words just lift me and

twist

177. sometimes the brown is bitter

sometimes the brown is bitter, tastes
like a river that is square and full,
one dimensional, window-like, in a wall;
like a painting covered in mud
it sits before my eyes with no flow at all
no high and no low
just bitterbrown like too strong tea
and it all seems just too brown for me

178. blue adieu

i have to say goodbye to blue, the one i never found
blue no more, it is hello black, hello black

i don't want to leave you, you bob behind my eyes
that sigh and the way that you look down and away
and away. the smile you manage lights up my sky
morning sees your blush deepening, evening sees you
still my prayers, a blue breath leaves my lips,
a healing wish right now. i see you underneath the
lamplight,
your smokey voice on me, while words do their darnedest
to fly by, fly by me, we speak in mediocre tones
while the blue just hangs there free

hello black, hello black, i'm back

179. blessed truth

sometimes your honeythoughts wake me early, lets in the sun

as i lay in bed, legs all warm, arms in sheets and thoughts moving

slowly, feeling, feeling the day today. checking in on you, thinking of you;

i taste of cinnamon and it never stings. it never stings

the things we speak of make waves in my head and i hang onto

your every word when that oldness pours out of your mouth

i swallow hard and take deep breaths and come back for more

i listen to your voice and it never stings. it never stings.

i love you more when you break my heart sometimes

i know i break yours too. and when we gather the pieces

every single day, it is with no tiredness, no pain at all,

only a desperate gathering of as much as we can, to save and hold.

i hold it in my hands and it always stings. it always stings.

180. penis envy

you have to believe me —
the reason i want it
is because it is

y
o
u
r
s

181. dark-time

i wake at night, my eyes think of you
your wide eyes —
are they wide awake ?
wide open,
wide in the night? or
do you close them when sleep sleeps over?

my stillness here is warm
mine blink in the buttery darkness
and i sigh
i sigh
and turn
and sleep

182. poorer

i am a reader of artificial words
in imaginary books left on imaginary mountains;
i walk under bridges and guernica lies waiting,
not to eat out of my hand, no,
but that makes me no less a piece of the peace
please see that,
but do not wait for me,
for i do not wish to share my alms

183. wasp

wasp whips

wishes want

wasp slants

jivey

whittled wits

wallow waste

wasp slants

jinx

whinney wise

wide winker

wasp slants

jello

184. bloodlemon

the lemon in the sky rolled you between
two biscuits creamy and slightly tart
the half — dimples, inverted commas
at the the edge of your sardonic smile
on wednesday, made mona lisa look like the hag;
not like you with your pale
skin and tomato lips on id card and photograph
and now you have back your venus de milo limbs
and you can fly up to your mountain
(it is so crazy, it is so crazy)

i shall wait there like the queen of trees
dressed in leaves and an orange turban
you rule this kingdom with your neat beard
and your royal head which bled onto your
bracelet, virgo on the floor; some blood
blooms tomato-like in my handbag
like your red red lips

185. we are the coffin club

surely this is a near death experience

but i am not outside of my body

i am very inside of my body

i think i am in a coffin,

a tube, closed at the ends

with blinkers on.

me, i mean

i hear faraway sounds and i have to travel far

to see my friends

or so it seems

i speak through a tin rigged with twine

through a hollow door under water —

it's all garbled like skype sometimes is

can they hear me, i think now

no.

no, why would they? these pages are

foreign.

gray and isolated.

186. words

all corners are rounded

sharp boxes in corners

words jump popcorn free

and warm my hands

salt to my tongue

may be sweet on your ears

187. a slice of venice

you told me of the time you visited venice;

breakfast with your hosts first morning
you dished a slice of layered breakfast surprise,
cake-like, wedged onto your thin breakfast plate

...and your mother dished daintily
(the two of you a well mannered duo)

the rest of the breakfast goers had pancakes
minus slice
while yours were small slices stacked,
minus pancake

i still laugh every time

188. goosebumps on my shins

when i said that, i meant it

i felt it there, goosebumps prickled
from the front of my ankles
right up to my knee caps;
he said, read it again, but slower;
this time i had goosebumps
on my arms at the same time
and over more of my legs

when i said that, i meant it
goosebumps on my shins

seasofme100715parallaxis

189. breaking bread

bone is family like hair is family

like you the other day

when you kissed me like my sister would

but chastised me like god,

you freed me. again

i walk on water and

i am extremely good at it but i

break the bread,

i always seem to break the

fucking bread

190. old madness

old madness resurrected and uninvited
but clearly bethought and well remembered,
surfaced,
and it does not feel mad right now. it feels real and
it feels true and true is all i have. all my own.
because maybe i do not know what
true true is, and maybe my ruler is a figment only
whereby whatever i measure is too light
and too much like those colanders i like,
and my truth runs through the holes
where it is never gathered or pooled and it just
flows down my mind-stream and now
this feels very much like closing time

seasofme050715parallaxis

191. filter

filters are for flawless folks
i'm not that and neither are you
so let's leave the filters now
let's be naked because it seems that
even with this love as new as the hills
more new than all the other loves
we necessarily bullshit
our way at each other every other week at least
maybe here is where we can filter nothing
and just be the truth

(like if the bible were true, you know?)

192. enemy waters

remember to remember to not be too consistent.
getting blown about by wind until i cozy into you
and there we go up, we cling to one balloon
and hang onto its string by our teeth. it makes for rictus
smiles

i long to be cemented to you and thrown overboard of
them

i long to be upright for a change in warm waters instead
of in this unsure and lead lagoon where there is no
welcome

as we hold onto each other and sway sadly with the
seaweed

seasofme040715parallaxis

193. needle and the damage done

i thought it was a needle
you were jabbing you with
but it was a cat
on your lap

what if it was a needle?

what then about the cat?

194. moonsalve

what is done is done,
then we do it once more;

sometimes the light in the light
is the shadow that cools our blows
while twilight patches an open wound
and we stop bleeding freely when it is dark,
darned in dimness by the new moon's web

195. fishy contemplation

she feels unwell, her underbelly
whiter than ice cubes melting
her bubble-bulging body bobs
like a small ship, shyly
waiting for when i get off work;

at the turn of my key
wiggles coldly in a bustling burst

little fish, were you going to jump?

196. princess polly

your voice climbs a mountain
and speaks,
i listen
and wear it like a crown. i am your princess
too young to be a queen, too dark to be
a lady. you carry your sounds with you;
i carry your sound with me. i close
my eyes and find you in all my corners
hidden and waiting

— willing

in my silence your voice is clear as the rain
drops

197. my words' little bat wings

sometimes my mouth belongs to an angry bird
and it screeches words i cannot hear, but i see them —
unbearably hued and wounded like old muscle, hurt,
taut, sinews gray,
sounds that cause deafness for seconds deep inside of
me

i cannot imagine what it must do to you

seasofme290615parallaxis

198. often

when i believe you love me the banal explodes
and all i can think of then is your tongue deep on me
and i feel it where i sit, every time, like now.

and i closely feel your mouth love me as much as your
heart

loves me, and the thought, the mere thought of how you
love me

and how much you want to please me (because you do
i see you do) makes me convulse endlessly for you,
over and over until my heart wants to die with it
but it starts with your love; your love makes our love
come true. and me. it makes me come true. far away.

i'll bet anything you did not expect me to say this

199. tail of the crocodile

looks like a crocodile tail, it does

but 'tis a poem

that gives me

a look.

the words meander

on the page

reminds me of your spine,

so white,

mine so riddled with riddles, but

i love the lines

i get from the

tale. the words on the

page and the way my

spine speaks,

the way our

spines spoon

syllables

trace them softly into flesh

seasofme280615parallaxis

200. olive

the ocean is my olive
dry, evaporative clear
it is dim and green like dusk
a wet husk for liquid eyes only
your face lit by a lamp,
a snow-globe's glow high on a shelf;
slowly you turn this way
your eyes are hollows of love
olive in my ocean, clear and spry

my olive lies over the ocean
oh, do not let my olive die